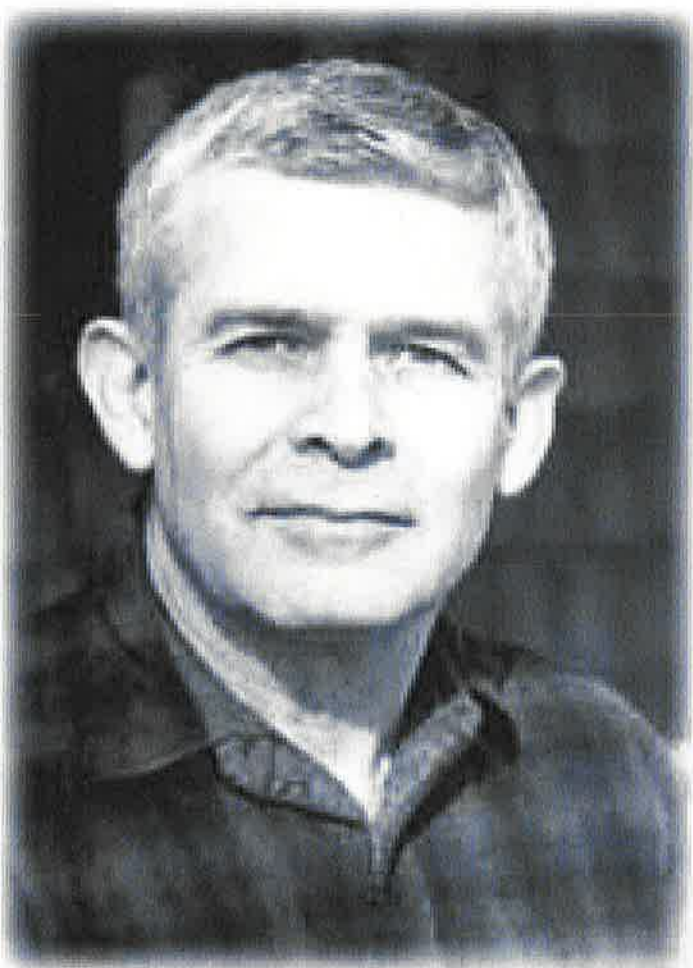


**RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MY CAREER, MY COLLEAGUES
AND
MY RETIREMENT**

By Henry Milton Reeves



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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY COLLEAGUES, MY CAREER AND MY RETIREMENT

By Henry Milton Reeves

Henry (Milt) Reeves was employed for more than 30 years (1954 to 1983) by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS). He was stationed in Texas, Saskatchewan, South Dakota, Minnesota, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. His "Recollections" chronicle his participation in the early management activities of the FWS and the changes that occurred during his 30 year career, and the many dedicated professionals who worked with him during that time. Unfortunately, he died on February 1, 2013 before he completed these Recollections. With the help of Julie Elaine Reeves Burke, our daughter, I have organized his writings, corrected some typos, and also supplemented some sections, but the text remains basically as he wrote it.

Readers should remember that all his field work was done without a computer. His files contain hundreds of pages of handwritten field notes, most written in pencil. During his career, there were many important discoveries about migratory bird populations which provided more accurate information for better management of the birds, and the adoption of yearly hunting regulations. It was another era. For example, for the first seven years of our marriage (1952-59) we did not own a telephone and all mail was sent to a Post Office box.

Milt had deep respect for his colleagues and, as his wife of 60 plus years, I met most of them and even served many of them dinner or lunch. These Recollections are personal, and like all memories, may not be completely accurate. I apologize for any colleagues who were omitted or names misspelled. Throughout these Recollections, italics font has been used to indicate what I have written.

By Marilyn B. Reeves

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

By Marilyn B. Reeves

During the time Milt was drafting his recollections, he encountered many computer problems and glitches. Over the years, his daughter, Julie E. Reeves Burke and son, Barry D. Reeves periodically provided needed assistance which he greatly appreciated. In addition, his son, Scott C. Reeves and daughter, Linda D. Reeves McRory tried to help him understand the magical mysteries of computers. He was a scientist who never had a class in computer technology and was frustrated because there were so many ways to do what he wanted to do. Not all his questions could be answered. For example why did he have to rapidly use a click-click instead of just slowly using c l i c k-c l i c k with the mouse? He reminded us that he could not find anything in the instructions about that mystery. He learned to love the easy access to the internet, but hated it when he had difficulties. He loved Email, but used my Email address because he didn't want to set up another step in opening or sending mail.

Many thanks to Julie who reviewed drafts of this manuscript, corrected typos, and improved layout. Barry provided invaluable assistance as a photographer, scanning copy and helping me with computer glitches. Linda and Scott patiently provided encouragement to me as I struggled with the task of organizing Milt's files and completing his recollections. I, too, have a love-hate relationship with computers.

Milt and I shared a remarkable sixty-plus year journey through life. Somehow, we produced four talented and productive children and have six wonderful grandchildren. I considered his colleagues my friends and always learned from and supported his research, talents and many interests. He respected and supported the volunteer conservation and environment work I did.

Journeys end, but memories remain.

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Pheasant Hunting in South Dakota

PART I: RECOLLECTIONS PRIOR TO RETIREMENT, 1927 to 1983

Childhood and Early Life in New Jersey

I was born in Pitman, New Jersey on March 31, 1927. My parents resided at 132 Grandview Avenue in a large house constructed in accord with my father's plans, and we later moved to Haddonfield, NJ at 77 Chews Landing Road (the house still stands). Later, in about 1935, we moved into a larger house at 404 Chews Landing Road. I recalled that my father complained that its price of \$20,000 was exorbitant.

I attended first grade at Elizabeth Haddon School, named for the lady who received the English land patent or charter for the area that was encompassed by Haddonfield. My best friend, Dick Edwards, and I hunted rabbits on the outskirts of Haddonfield and I also fished in the Cooper River for pan fish and bass. I hunted ducks in South Jersey in the marshes of the Maurice River where my parents had a summer home. I vividly remember that the first duck I shot was a green wing teal. It was beautiful.

My father was not adversely affected by the depression. In 1936 my sister, Virginia, my parents and I traveled to Europe for 6 weeks visiting Ireland, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels Switzerland, and Paris. Hotel accommodations were first class. I was old enough to observe and remember many aspects of that trip.

As soon as I turned 18 and before I graduated from high school, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy. I reported for duty on April 12, 1945. After basic training I traveled West to Seattle and later our ship docked in Portland OR. For the first time, I first saw the western U.S. from a troop train. I was discharged on July 28, 1946. All colleges were filled with returning veterans but I was fortunate to be able to take the train to Philadelphia and attend night classes at Rittenhouse College. I had outstanding teachers both in high school and also at Rittenhouse College, where many had PhD's or other advanced degrees.

Although my father expected me to join him and work in Philadelphia in the Industrial Health Accident, and Life Insurance Company which had been organized by his father, I did not want to do that. I wanted to work outside and concluded that forestry would be a good major. Utah State was the only college that initially accepted my application. My father did not support college education and did not provide financial assistance so I relied on the GI Bill for funding. My Mother helped me with small contributions which were greatly appreciated.

Off to College in Logan, Utah

After receiving word of my admission to Utah Agricultural College in Logan, in Cache Valley of northeastern Utah, I prepared to make the trip in early-mid September of 1946 I drove my 1935 Chevrolet sedan (black of course) loaded with all my belongings that could be fitted in the back seat and the seat next to the driver. It was a heavy load and consisted all my personal belongings, clothing, and of course my shotgun and a pair of hip boots. I'd heard that there was good hunting to be had in Utah. I was ready for the big trip west to Logan.

I would take U.S. highways. Although my car probably got only about 20 mpg, gasoline was priced at seven to twenty cents a gallon. Roads consisted of two lanes (no dividers) each paved in concrete, with narrow graveled shoulders. The joints between concrete slabs were seldom perfect and the driver experienced a continuing, repetitive series of minor bumps. My route would lead through Pennsylvania, Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, Indiana, Kansas, Denver, across Wyoming and northeastern Utah down into the Great Salt Lake basin and Salt Lake City. In Pennsylvania I would travel the Pennsylvania

Turnpike, the forerunner of the Interstate Highway System. In Decatur, Illinois, I visited a day with an old Navy buddy.

In mid-Illinois, the engine developed a "slapping" noise. I pulled into a rural garage and asked a mechanic what the problem was. He readily concluded that the noise arose from loose piston shafts and the crankshaft. This would require replacing the shims. The mechanic was very busy with tractor and farm equipment as the harvest season was well underway. Although he could not do the work, he said that I could pull into a stall, use his tools, and he could help me insert the new shims. I don't recall what if anything he charged me for use of his tools and guidance but surely it must have been only a few dollars. The repair required draining the oil, and removing the oil pan so that the piston bearings were accessible. They were held in place by a small half-circle ring of metal bolted to the piston arms. The repair resolved the immediate problem and I proceeded west up and over the Berthoud Pass, just west of Denver which was the highest point along the route.

I planned to reach Salt Lake City through Emigrant Canyon, along Brigham Young's route, and where he pronounced to his followers, "This is the place." I pulled next to a small cold creek and shaved before entering the city. I should mention that during most of the trip that I simply pulled off the highway and slept on the ground. I also prepared all my meals (usually sandwiches and crackers with cheese, peanut butter, and sardines).

I knew only one person in Utah, a Navy friend David Hanson, but I didn't have an address for him. Both names are common among the Mormons so I couldn't tell which of the many "David Hansons" in the phone book was him. When buying gas in Salt Lake City, I asked the attendant whether he knew where I might rent a cheap room for a few days before going to Logan. "Sure, come stay with us." His offer was immediately accepted with gratitude.

In about three days I continued north to Brigham City along the Wasatch Mountain front. Over the Main Street was a large sign proclaiming the nearby Bear River National Wildlife Refuge (NWR) as the greatest bird sanctuary in the world. Leaving Brigham City, I proceed up Sardine Canyon and dropped into Cache Valley. At the summit I stopped the car and gazed upon the beautiful lush valley and in the center was Logan nestled up against a high mountain ridge. It was and is among the most beautiful scenes I've ever experienced. It would be home for several years.

That day I checked into a school dormitory (converted from a disused school building). This would be a temporary arrangement until better quarters could be found. The dorm was approximately 2 miles west of the campus, and completely filled with World War II veterans who had enrolled in Utah State College. Logan itself was a modest sized town of perhaps 10,000 and the school's enrollment was about 4,500. Obviously the town and its economy were directly tied to the college.

The normal enrollment had soared with military veterans planning to obtain higher education under the GI Bill. The GI bill paid \$50 per month plus all tuition costs and books. For me, that amount would be insufficient to pay for my entire college expenses, and I supplemented it with some summer work and stipend for serving as fraternity treasurer.

Utah State Agricultural College

At the time I entered Utah State Agricultural College (USAC) in 1946 I expected to major in Forestry. However I discovered that there was a special department relating to Wildlife Management and I concluded that was what I really wanted to do. All the professors were outstanding and although there were many challenging courses I was able to complete all my class work.

Housing opportunities were limited and I discovered that if I joined a fraternity I could not only have new friends, but I could better afford food and lodging costs. I also served as treasurer of the fraternity which provided a small stipend, a needed infusion of cash. During summers I attended US Forestry camp and also obtained some work opportunities with the US Forest Service and on a research project capturing deer fawns.

In my final college year, I met Marilyn Bronson, a red head from Burley Idaho, who later became my wife and companion for more than 60 years. Before I graduated in 1950 and left campus, I gave her my fraternity pin, a substitute for an engagement ring. The Sigma Phi Epsilon pin was a beautiful small heart encircled in small pearls.

Conservation Officer, American Falls, Idaho

After USAC graduation my first objective was to obtain employment which was largely limited to state conservation agencies or the federal government. At that time only a few wildlife majors sought or ended up in nongovernment employment such as fur farming, managing duck clubs, or working for a private conservation organization. Thus our instructors advised us to follow job opportunities posted on a bulletin board and take the qualifying examinations when offered. In the case of federal employment, the qualifying exam was the U.S. Civil Service's Junior Forestry exam.

Among the job applications that I filed during my senior year was one to the Idaho Department of Fish and Game (IF&G) for the position of Conservation Officer (CO), referred to by locals as "Game Warden." On June 2, 1950, I received one of the most important pieces of correspondence ever, and it arrived by air mail. I was given a tentative offer (if selected) of a position as Conservation Officer 2nd grade, at \$210 per month (\$2520 per year).

The letter was signed by T.B. Murray, Director, Idaho Fish and Game Department. I was asked when I could report for duty if selected. I immediately replied that I would accept the position, not knowing then where it was located. Soon after I received a letter which stated that I had been chosen for a new CO position being established in the community of American Falls which was located along the Snake River and the county seat of Power County. The town was named for the irrigation electric power generation made possible by the dam and impoundment of American Falls Reservoir. The original town had been flooded by the reservoir and moved to higher ground to the east.

A few words about American Falls seem in order. During the summer of 1948, I had been employed by the U.S. Forest Service on a brush cleanup/firefighting crew located on the Boise National Forest, Garden Valley. I well recall walking around "downtown" American Falls for a few minutes when the Greyhound bus stopped there for a pit-stop. I was unimpressed, and recall concluding that this would be a bland, undesirable place to live. The town had about 1,200 residents, many being employees of the Idaho Power company, the Bureau of Reclamation, the usual contingent of county and school employees and many retired dry land wheat farmers. The bus departed for Pocatello and a transfer for a bus back to Logan. Until the job offer, I never gave American Falls another thought.

After I accepted a position in American Falls I was told to go to nearby Malad, for a few days of orientation with Alvin ("Kep") Keppner, a veteran CO assigned to neighboring Oneida County. I soon learned that Kep was regarded by local sportsmen as a somewhat legendary figure whose word was the law.

Kep's son was in World War II and had returned with Nazi optics and a powerful binocular. Kep used them frequently. Kep would perch upon a hill or haystack and observe and take note of human activities and events in a several mile range. Most of his observations had nothing to do with fish and game. Nevertheless, Kep would later ask the farmer about his broken down tractor or ask another farmer how he had freed his tractor which was stuck in the mud on, say, July 17. Such observations earned Kep the reputation for knowing everything that went on in Oneida County.

I later reported for another orientation with Al Misseldine, CO in Pocatello. Al had been a Lt. Col in the U.S. Army in World War II and was a solid, knowledgeable outdoorsman, raised in Fremont County west of Yellowstone National Park. Al was a wonderful role model for a young CO like myself. One day we drove to Idaho Falls, where I first met Bob Christianson, law enforcement supervisor for District 5, southeastern Idaho. Bob would be my immediate supervisor, but, unfortunately, his health was failing and I didn't see him much. Eventually Bob retired and was replaced by Wendell Twitchell, whose new position had been moved to Pocatello.

Al also helped me become settled into American Falls. We visited county offices and he introduced me to various officials (particularly the sheriff and county attorney), local sportsmen, civic leaders, and the editor of the Power County Press, the local weekly. Upon hearing that I was a bachelor and needed a room, the Chief of Police, Frank Mitchell, said that he and his wife had a spare bedroom that they'd be pleased to rent to me for \$12 a month. While I didn't have cooking privileges, I could keep food in the refrigerator whenever space permitted. The room fitted my limited needs just fine. Frank knew virtually everyone and was a wonderful source of information.

Contrary to my first impression the year before, I soon learned that American Falls and Power County had much to offer. The free-flowing Snake River provided fine fishing for rainbow/cutthroat trout and some within the 10-20 pound range were not uncommon. Nearby hills were populated with mule deer and there were large populations of geese and other waterfowl along the river.

Wildlife Research Biologist - Dingle Swamp Idaho

In 1952, I was selected to work on a U.S. Pittman-Robertson Project to conduct field studies on the 16,000 acre Dingle Swamp, a high altitude marsh located in south eastern Idaho which was separated from Bear Lake by a narrow sand bar. Employees from the IF&G provided advice and guidance for the field studies including, but, not limited, to Thomas Murray, former Director of the IF&G; Vernon B. Rich, Federal Aid Coordinator; F.J. McDermott, IF&G Acting Fur Supervisor; Elwood G. Bizeau, IF&G District Bird Biologist; and Roger M. Williams, IF&G Big Game Biologist.

Throughout my field studies at Dingle Swamp I was grateful to D. Jessop B. Low, Leader of the Utah Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit for suggestions concerning field procedures and techniques. Professors Arthur H. Holmgren of the Botany Department, and J. Sedley Stanford of the Zoology Department verified plants and foods used by muskrats and waterfowl.

Results of my field study confirmed the importance of Dingle Swamp, for waterfowl nesting and muskrat production. In 1968, the Bear Lake NWR was established to protect, restore and manage the 18,000 acre marsh for waterfowl production and migration. My 1953 thesis provided valuable information about the need to establish a National Refuge on the marsh. It is available at the Quinney Natural Resources Library at Utah State University (USU), with an appendix which lists the plants, waterfowl and animals I tabulated, a base line can be compared with more recent research. A copy of the Pittman-Robertson report I submitted to the IF&G contains more extensive information. It has been sent to the Merrill-Cazier Library at USU to be included in the Henry M. Reeves archives and collections.

Prior to moving to Montpelier, Idaho to embark on the new assignment, I married Marilyn Bronson on June, 28, 1952. In March, 1952, I had purchased a small 8'x20' house trailer which had no bathroom. It cost \$1200 and I had to borrow the money from the American Falls Bank at 8% interest. I was able to pay off the loan by September. I moved the trailer to a trailer park which had a wash room, showers and bathroom about 100 feet away. The necessary trips to the wash room in temperatures that were commonly 15 to 30 degrees below zero were made quickly. We lived in that little trailer for seven years and received \$1200 when we traded it in for a larger 35'x8' two bedroom trailer with a shower and bathroom.

Although Marilyn had not yet graduated, she secured a position teaching fourth grade in Montpelier. We began to save money to return to Utah State to complete Marilyn's BS degree and for me to complete class work for a MS Degree, using the field studies at Dingle Swamp for my thesis. With Marilyn's teaching salary of \$2200 per year, plus her work as a waitress, my IF&G salary of \$2550, coupled with the low cost of parking our small house trailer, and very frugal living, we were able to save enough money to complete her BS and my MS at Utah State. Needless to say, by May graduation we had very little money left. My Mother occasionally sent me a \$20 bill, but my Father did not think college was important and did not provide me financial support.

Applying for Work with U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS)

During the winter of 1954, I and other classmates seeking federal employment following graduation reported to the Logan post office to take the "junior forester" examination. The exam had no specific questions about forestry but at the time was used to identify candidates for most federal natural resource positions. I had a job offer with the IF&G, but we concluded that it would be better to try and obtain employment with a federal agency, which paid more.

Anxiously we waited for weeks to learn of our test scores, and hopefully employment inquiries from one of the various federal agencies, including the Forest Service, Fish and Wildlife Service, Bureau of Land Management, and the National Park Service. Most of my classmates chose positions in various state conservation agencies, usually in western states, although some did return east to their home states.

Finally, about March I was informed that U.S. Game Management Agent (USGMA) Floyd Thompson, senior FWS officer in Utah, stationed in Salt Lake City, wished to interview me for possible federal employment. While I vaguely knew him, I'd heard much about him while at Logan. He was a well-regarded, experienced federal officer who commanded a bit of awe and ample respect. Floyd had participated in a variety of activities, such as duck banding in Canada, in addition to his work in Utah.

Floyd arrived at our small (8'x20') trailer near the campus, knocked, and upon our invitation entered, having to bend over to pass through the doorway. He was a large, muscular man, perhaps at that time in his forties. In a very business-like manner he told me that FWS was interested in hiring me as a U.S. Game Management Agent, at GS-7 level. The pay would be \$4,250 annually, and I'd be entitled to other benefits, including per diem (about \$7 per day as I recall) when traveling, and would be provided a vehicle, boat and trailer, and other necessary equipment, including a .38 caliber revolver.

Two positions were open in the Albuquerque Region (Region 2) that comprised the southwestern states. One was in Topeka, Kansas, the other in Harlingen, Texas. The latter was a new station that had been established to give more enforcement and management attention to special wildlife populations, particularly white-winged doves that nested in the Rio Grande Valley, and ducks (particularly redheads and pintails) that wintered on the Laguna Madre along the Gulf Coast. After talking with Marilyn, we decided upon the Texas position.

I had qualified for the USGMA position by having two years of law enforcement experience in Idaho. Biological experience in Idaho and elsewhere, plus two college degrees also helped. Floyd said that although I might find that my long-term interest might not be in game law enforcement, the position was a wonderful opportunity. I could apply for other positions after a couple of years should I wish to. Besides, the pay was well above that which Idaho offered me after graduating. Floyd said that I'd likely hear soon from the Regional Office's personnel officer about details of employment.

In mid-May, Marilyn and I both graduated, but we had heard nothing from Albuquerque about a FWS job. We were out of money, and moved our house trailer to Marilyn's home farm to live until word of my employment arrived. I earned a little money assisting Marilyn's father, Jim, and her brother, Bob, load, haul, stack, and bail hay. It was hard work.

After a couple of weeks, in late June, the anxiously awaited letter arrived. It said that I had been formally selected for the Texas USGMA position, and that I was to report to Harlingen on July 9th. I would receive further information from USGMA Edward Elmore, stationed in Corpus Christi, who was to be my supervisor. Although my office was to be in San Benito in the basement of the Post Office and shared with the manager of the Laguna Atascosa NWR, Ed suggested that we locate our trailer and make our home in Harlingen, about six miles to the north. It was a newer, faster developing town than the largest city, Brownsville, directly across the Rio Grande from Matamoros, Mexico.

Moving to Harlingen, Texas

Marilyn and I packed our few belongings into our tiny trailer and Marilyn's car (a 1947 Plymouth) which she had purchased in 1950, and commenced the long, difficult journey to Harlingen. It got hotter and hotter as we drove southward. Upon arriving in Harlingen, we found a suitable trailer park on west Harrison Street to park our trailer. There were about three dozen other trailers in the park run by "Mom" and "Pop" Horst. The park was landscaped with tall palms, lantanas, bougainvilleas, and many other tropical plants new to us. The heat and humidity was intense and Marilyn quickly discovered that the Library had air conditioning. For me there was no air conditioning in the office or in the official car.

A day or two after our arrival, Agent Elmore paid us a visit. He offered to assist anyway possible in getting located. He soon informed me that I would not receive my first paycheck for about a month. The government paid twice a month. I'd have to work a two-week period, submit a Time and Attendance report, and then wait about two weeks for the report to be processed, a check issued, and mailed. Would this cause a personal problem? Yes, indeed, it would as our small saving from a year of unemployment was virtually exhausted. How much would we need, he asked? I thought \$100 would tide us over. In those days such a sum could do much. Consequently Ed took me down to the main bank in Harlingen, introduced me to Evan Hurst, a bank officer known to him by his involvement in the local sportsman's club, and explained our situation. No problem, said Evan. The necessary paperwork for a \$100 loan was completed, and we were firmly solvent until paychecks began arriving on a regular basis. We did not obtain a credit card until the 1980s.

Ed also explained the perplexing delay in my being notified about the USGMA position and reporting for work. All the delay arose from the federal fiscal year, which then ended at the close of June 30. Although funds were available for the year ending June 30, 1954, that money had been spent to buy equipment for the new station. Once that was done, nothing remained for a salary. The basic purchases included a new vehicle (a Ford four door sedan), a boat (a wooden lapstrake), outboard engine (10 h.p. Evinrude, with two 5-gallon gasoline tanks), and a trailer. A trailer hitch had already been fitted to the vehicle, which was stored at the Laguna Atascosa NWR, as was the trailer and boat.

Ed and I then drove to the San Benito Post Office and visited the refuge headquarters in the basement. There he introduced me to Luther C. Goldman, who administered both the nearby Laguna Atascosa and the Santa Ana NWRs. I knew a bit about Luther as he was from an illustrious family of biologists for the Office of Biological Survey and its successor the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Luther's father, Maj. Edward A. Goldman, was a renowned mammalogist and ornithologist who had conducted pioneering field studies in much of North America, including Mexico. His knowledge and personal involvement had been crucial in the negotiations and conclusion of the U.S. Mexico Treaty in 1936 in Mexico City. E.A.'s brother and thus Luther C.'s uncle, Luther J. Goldman was also a fine biologist and pilot, and was the first Pacific flyway biologist. LC and LJ were often confused.

Luther C. informed me that I could establish my "office" at the far end of the large room, and that he'd found a desk, chair, and file cabinet by which to equip it. I would not have secretarial support from Blanche as she was fully engaged with refuge work, however she volunteered to accept phone calls, and I could use the refuge phone for placing calls. All the above arrangements were satisfactory as I'd be in the field most of the time, using the office mostly when preparing reports. I did note that the basement room was quite warm and stuffy. In those days, of course, air conditioning as we know it today was virtually unknown. Mrs. Blanche Longland was Luther's secretary; other refuge staff I soon met included George Unland, who lived on the Santa Ana NWR, and Merritt Hull, who handled construction and maintenance on the two units.

Ed told me that the following week would be spent in orientation, provided by Lawrence J. Merovka, Regional Chief of the Branch of Management and Enforcement, who was flying out from Albuquerque. I was to report to the lobby of Brownsville's largest hotel (I don't recall its name) at 9 am. Monday morning. The orientation sessions would last for a week, until about noon on Friday when Larry would depart for home.

While I was involved in this extensive orientation, Marilyn had secured a position teaching fifth grade outside Harlingen in Combs, Texas. It was very hot and muggy in our little house trailer and she spent many days in the local Library which was air conditioned.

My FWS Orientation Session

I met Ed and Larry in the hotel lobby and Larry directed us to his room. Besides the bed, it had a small table and several wooden, straight-backed chairs. Larry sat at the table after giving me a pad of yellow, lined paper. I was to take careful notes of all he was to tell me in the days ahead. The heat was stifling and the humidity high. Both were in the nineties. During the next five days Larry systematically instructed me in the duties of a USGMA. I doubt that he missed a thing. On occasion he'd comment that he didn't think that I'd taken a note on what he'd just said, so he repeated the information or instructions. Fortunately, because Ed Elmore had had a portion of his stomach removed a few months prior, it was necessary that he periodically snacked throughout the morning and afternoon, and at noon we usually took an hour or so break, sometimes walking across the bridge to Matamoras, Mexico for a Mexican lunch. I looked forward to these breaks.

Late Friday morning, Larry asked whether I had any questions about anything he'd said. I inquired about several points, which he duly clarified. He closed by stating, "Well, don't ever say that you weren't told." By Friday I had formed a few opinions of Larry. He was a very intelligent individual, one who had learned a great deal by his many experiences and hard work, totally dedicated to his job (as he expected his men to be), and I believed, fair and impartial. He was one who commanded great respect. During our down-time from orientation he related many, many interesting experiences, all work related. He spoke

little of his wife and family, and nothing about gardening, which I later learned was his hobby. Larry was an almost incessant talker, except when asking questions and listening to responses. Time and again, Larry emphasized the importance of submitting the Time and Attendance report on every other Friday, the Weekly Activities report of the preceding week, and the arrest/violations reports.

Larry also noted that I should show each day of work that I had worked 8 hours, and that I should work only 5 days per week for a total of 40 hours per week. On the other hand, I strongly sensed that he expected his agents to work far more hours and days. Soon after, Ed discussed this inconsistency with me, instructing me to show the actual hours worked each day on the Time and Attendance report, and to indicate the official work performed regardless of the number of days worked.

I usually worked every day, and usually more than 8 hours per day. Fellow officers did also. Ed noted that by not showing the actual days and hours worked, one was falsifying an official report. Ed advised me to contact him should the Regional Office take exception to my reports. No one ever did. (Later I learned that Ed, upon nearing retirement, planned to claim payment for overtime, for which FWS had made no provision and for which it had no funds. True to his word, Ed officially filed for his overtime hours, and after a lengthy time, he received about \$5,000 in settlement. Meanwhile, no change was made for those of us still employed. Many years afterwards, FWS remedied its procedures and made payment, but I did not receive any pay for that overtime.

I sense that no one ever had as intensive an orientation as I had. Perhaps that was because I was then the youngest to ever be employed as a USGMA (at age of 25). Also, I was probably the first with a Master's degree to be hired as a USGMA.

Working with Texas Game Wardens

At that time, FWS employees did not have uniforms. I liked those worn by the Texas game wardens. They were an attractive green, made of light poplin, had button-down collars, shirt and pants pockets, had epaulets, and were easily washable. I learned that they were identical to those worn by Texaco gas station attendants and were obtained at a department store in Corpus Christi.

In my first few weeks on the job, I sometimes sensed a peculiar feeling among those with whom I worked. A bit of that feeling seemed evident in both Ed and Larry. I dismissed Ed's attitude to the fact that I was not a fellow Texan. In Texas this is an important attribution. Texas enforcement officers were all friendly and helpful but seemed a bit reserved. It wasn't for several months that I learned the probable root of that minor distancing.

It seems that the Harlingen station had been promised to another candidate, a Texas Game Warden, whom I'll simply call "Phillips." Such selections of new employees sometimes happened in those times. Phillips had been offered the position and was anxious to accept it. The matter seemed to be generally known in and outside FWS, including the Texas department. Phillips' tentative selection was forwarded for final approval, and rejected. Apparently whoever blocked Phillips' paperwork processing somehow thought that I was a better candidate. Much later I met Phillips. He had a fine reputation as a Texas Warden, and I liked him. Of course we never discussed the matter of his possible FWS employment.

My official duties were extremely varied, but essentially fell into two major categories, law enforcement and biological matters relating to wildlife management. Since I entered on duty on July 9, I'd missed an assignment to do waterfowl work in Canada that year. Instead, I spent much of the summer becoming familiar with my assigned area and meeting people with whom I'd be working. Luther Goldman familiarized me with both of the national wildlife refuges under his administration.

Of the two refuges, the large Laguna Atascosa was a relatively new one. During WW II, much of the Laguna Atascosa NWR served as an aerial gunnery range for Navy pilots stationed at the huge airfield near Corpus Christi, about 125 miles to the north. Following the cessation of hostilities, the excess military property was transferred to FWS. Commercial use on national refuges is prohibited unless expressly allowed by special permit. One of the most unusual of these permitted commercial uses was the recovery of ammunition, both jacket bullets and brass cartridges, fired and dropped from low flying aircraft into earthen bunkers upon which target had been placed. The metal was quite valuable and could be recycled. By my arrival, most of the armaments had been salvaged but one could still find cartridge cases scattered over wide areas. Limited livestock grazing was allowed by permit, but no hunting was allowed.

But with regard to the wildlife value of the refuge, Laguna Atascosa was located on the mainland but fronted on the Laguna Madre, the great marine estuary that extended from Corpus Christi Bay southward to Port Isabel, an important fishing and shrimping port. The virtually pristine barrier island, Padre Island was located to the east of the Laguna Madre (LM). Padre Island only recently had become accessible, by a new causeway constructed from Port Isabel to its southern end. The super saline waters of the shallow LM supported shoal grass (*Hilogule wrightii*), which in turn provided food to wintering redheads, pintails, and few other waterfowl species. Most of the entire continent's redheads wintered there as did a substantial proportion of the Central Flyway's pintails. Because of the high salinity of the LM waters, both redheads and pintails made daily flights inland to obtain fresh drinking water. Some of these freshwater ponds were on the refuge, and others were on adjoining ranches. Other species of ducks wintered on the waters of the Laguna Atascosa. On one, the Cayo Atascosa, tens of thousands of ruddy ducks gathered in large concentrations. Never have I seen so many ruddies in one spot.

Cooperative farming operations were permitted, on some agricultural fields upon which sorghum had been planted. Tens of thousands of Canada geese, and large numbers of lesser snow geese fed on the grain as well as on grasses in the livestock pastures. Additionally, Laguna Atascosa had large acreage of native brush, trees, and cactus that provided habitat for resident species of birds otherwise not found in the U.S. outside the lower Rio Grande Valley. During fall and spring, enormous numbers of migrants that had nested farther north followed the coastline south to winter in south Texas, Mexico, Central America, and even South America. Atascosa was a bird haven as well as a bird watcher's paradise, especially in the spring. The refuge also had a healthy white-tailed deer population, javelinas, wild turkeys, bobwhite and scaled quail, many mourning doves (both nesting and wintering), and a few white-winged doves. There were also a substantial number of huge diamondback rattlesnakes that were seldom seen except at night or especially in the fall following rains. Although refuge personnel were deputized to enforce federal wildlife laws, including refuge trespass, I was expected to assist them every way possible. Consequently, I spend considerable time on the Atascosa itself, and along the shoreline, patrolling by boat.

I spent considerably less time on the Santa Ana NWR, located maybe 30 miles to the west of San Benito, simply because it was a much smaller area (about 2,000 acres), and caretaker George Unland lived on the refuge itself. Santa Ana was created to protect rare and endangered wildlife and their habitats, generally described as subtropical native brush land consisting of hackberry, Texas ebony, catclaw (huisache), ash, other species of trees and brush, and the ubiquitous cactus. Most such habitat elsewhere in the Valley had been cleared for crop production (sorghum, cotton, soybeans, and truck crops) and for citrus (grapefruit and oranges). Santa Ana had the additional problem of being located along a major trail used by illegal Mexicans who came into the United States, usually for farm employment. USGMAs were not authorized to become involved with what some called "wetbacks"; instead, hundreds of Border Patrol agents focused

on rounding them up and transporting them back into Mexico, sometimes by air. Many would soon return, again and again.

Instead, I spent considerable times working in cooperation with several Texas wardens assigned to the Lower Rio Grande Valley: in particular, Gene Willman assigned to Hidalgo County, Bill Gooch in Willacy County, Bob Middleton in Cameron County, Harvey Shane in Starr County, and "Whit" Whittleton in Webb County, and additionally with Bill Stewart, who spent most of his time on the Laguna Madre enforcing fishing and shell fishing regulations.

Because a provision of the Texas Constitution prohibited state officers from accepting federal law enforcement commissions and vice versa, federal officers from being deputized, as state officers, we were to assist the state officers unofficially, as they were to assist us. Should any question of authority arise (none ever did) we could refer the case and its evidence to a state officer. Because state regulations generally followed the federal migratory bird regulations, we normally handled those cases in state court. All this made for a potentially messy jurisdiction situation but potential difficulties were usually avoided by close federal-state cooperation and friendships.

Work on the Laguna Madre with the boat was enjoyable, particularly in the winter when waterfowl were present in huge numbers. While fishing was fairly popular year-round, relatively few hunted. Most of the few who did were wintering "snowbirds," mid-westerners who came south for the generally pleasant winters, interrupted only by occasional "northers." At such times, strong winds and cooler temperatures sometimes dipping into the twenties and high teens made the days and nights surprisingly uncomfortable. In retrospect, I regret not having spent a bit more time fishing while listening for gunshots or observing suspicious boating activities. Likewise, I wish I'd fished more for trout (weakfish) and redfish (channel bass) on one of the best saltwater areas in the U.S.

Enforcement of the Hunting Laws

An experienced, equipped waterfowl hunter on the Laguna Madre could usually obtain his five duck limit with little difficulty. Sometimes they got many more. I recall watching one hunter who saw a large flock of pintails grouped on the shore of a spoil bank alongside the Intracoastal Canal that extended the length of the Laguna Madre. He decided to stalk the flock by approaching from the back-side of the spoil bank. When within range he rapidly fired three shots, the first into the sitting birds and the last two into them as they sprung into the air. I quickly approached him, identified myself, and instructed him to assist me in retrieving both dead and wounded birds. Within a few minutes we had retrieved twenty-one. Unfortunately a few escaped and no doubt later died. He was, of course, cited to appear in court and he paid the assessed fine.

In another instance I watched two hunters in a single blind simultaneously fire into a flock of redheads about to land in their decoys. Redheads and other diving ducks tend to "stack up" when landing. The two killed seventeen. When added to those they'd killed previously, the tally put them far over the daily bag limit. These hunters, too, had a session in court.

Even though they comprised well over half the Valley's resident population, generally speaking, relatively few Hispanics hunted waterfowl, doves or quail. Some, however, did night hunting of white-tailed deer (venado), both in and out of season. Particularly popular was hunting venado at night, usually beginning in fall with the first sign of cooling nights. Texas wardens spent a great deal of time at night along rural roads in remote brushy areas looking for "shine" in the sky of headlights or searchlights sweeping roadsides or fields. They also listened for tell-tale gunshots. I spent quite a few nights

accompanying Texas wardens in their work. It amazed me how far such light glimmers could be seen and how well one could see at night once one's eyes became adjusted to the darkness.

The Texas wardens, who drove personal vehicles and were paid mileage, had their car lights equipped with a special switch by which the headlights could be simultaneously extinguished. Upon seeing a suspicious light, the wardens blindly sped towards it down narrow, curving, unpaved roads. Sometimes they got within a few dozen yards of the suspected vehicle before being detected. Upon stopping the vehicle, the first step was to examine the hands and clothing of the driver and his riders for signs of blood. Then they searched the vehicle and interrogated the suspects. I soon concluded that head-lighting and deer-poaching out of season was a sizable pastime (or recreation) for some Hispanics, not that some "whites" also didn't participate. Enforcement was a dangerous business, especially when confronting violators charged up a bit with a case of cerveza (beer). Drugs were not much of a problem at that time.

Texas officers much appreciated company during their tedious night-time patrols. From them I learned much. They in turn assisted me often, especially during the dove and waterfowl seasons. We had strong mutual respect and friendships during these cooperative efforts. If found in a very difficult situation, there are few I'd rather have with me than Texas officers, at least those of the caliber that I knew.

A group of waterfowl hunters that gave considerable trouble, especially considering their numbers, were what I'd call "stranded shrimpers." In those days, shrimping on the Gulf of Mexico was booming, especially as night trawling was developed to its perfection, and new species of catchable and edible shrimp were found and exploited. Hundreds of shrimp boats sailed from Gulf ports, especially along the Louisiana and Texas coasts. Many were Cajuns, hard-working and fun-loving, of French extraction. Most had French surnames. Among law enforcement officers, Cajuns were notorious for their simple dependence upon the land and in the water. Many believed that wildlife was for the taking without any regard for the inconveniences caused by laws and regulations.

In late summer and early fall, when hurricanes on the Gulf interrupted week-long or longer shrimping voyages, captains headed for the nearest ports for safety. Thus Port Isabel sometimes hosted substantial numbers of displaced shrimpers, including Cajuns, from Louisiana ports. Many carried their guns on board, and upon docking thought first, or second, of hunting. Sometimes they teamed up with local shrimpers or commercial fishermen to hunt.

I recall encountering one shrimper in the field with far in excess of the daily duck bag or even possession limits. He knew he was in deep trouble but whimsically said to me in his charming Cajun, "Captain, I'm sure glad to see you cause I want to ask you a question. I'm a shrimper and couldn't hunt for many days because of storms. So when I'm ashore, like now, it's OK to shoot the ducks I would have shot if I hadn't gone shrimping, isn't it?" His explanation didn't carry much weight with the judge.

A few days later, darned if I didn't meet him again along the wharf. He said, "Captain, I sure appreciate how good you treated me when I had all those ducks. I want to do something for you." He went on board his nearby boat and retired with a 5-pound box of shrimp. I told him that I couldn't accept them but thanked him anyway. He recognized my unmarked vehicle, I suspect, for upon returning to it later, I found a brown bag on the floor with the box of shrimp. But my Cajun friend was not to be found. In those days, one could usually leave cars unlocked.

Gulf hurricanes sometimes breached the barrier island (Padre Island) creating a new inlet or pass. Sometimes the new passes were maintained by dredging, in other cases, new hurricanes sealed them off. Consequently, the overall hydrology of the Laguna Madre changed much over time. Two main types of waterfowl food, both submergents, thrived in shallow portions of the bay. Shoalgrass was relished by

redheads, who fed on its white rhizomes and lower branches. Without doubt, it plus marine invertebrates, were the main foods for the million or so wintering redheads. In less saline water, widgeon grass (Ruppia marina) flourished. Pintails and wigeons favored it. I had always regarded redheads as being very fine-flavored, but noted that those shot on the Laguna, especially in mid-winter, seemed to acquire a slightly astringent taste. I suspect that marine organisms imparted that quality. Recently I read the findings of a food habits study of redheads on the Laguna, and was surprised to find that analyses of shoalgrass showed that it was an inferior food in terms of nutritional composition. I doubt that the redheads knew that.

Game law enforcement frequently had its humorous moments. I recall telling a white dove hunter who had grossly exceeded the bag limit to appear in Judge Jesus Chapa's court in Edinburg at nine o'clock sharp the next morning. Judge Chapa was a well-educated lawyer, a fine gentleman, who handled many game cases in Hidalgo County. The judge entered his chambers at a minute or two before nine, whereupon the alleged violator entered. Chapa turned to him and said, "Well you're certainly punctual!" The hunter seemed a bit startled, and replied, "I'm sorry, judge, I don't know that Mexican word." I could hardly contain myself. Within a few minutes, Judge Chapa punctually fined him.

Laguna Madre: Dangers of the Trotlines

The Laguna Madre also supported a sizable commercial fisheries based most on the use of trotlines and nets. In these fishing methods, vertical poles usually aligned east to west (probably because the prevailing winds tended to be north-south during the winter) are set in the shallow water. A heavy line is strung from pole to pole, about 2-4 feet above the water, and from this line, vertical drop lines are tied at several foot intervals. Fish hooks are tied at the ends so that the hooks, "baited" with bits of fish or colorful plastic strips, dangle at about the water surface. Fish snapping for the baits impaled themselves on the hooks. The east-west lines might be several hundred yards in length, and paralleling it would be others, perhaps dozens. Commercial fishermen were supposed to check their lines periodically but often didn't. Further, the quite small tidal influence, but more so, the wind tides (*also called "seiches" which are standing waves in partially enclosed bodies of water*) often caused the water level to drop, causing the hooks to dangle in the air.

Redheads on the Laguna Madre tended to fly low to the water surface. Sometimes they didn't see the lines and became impaled on the hooks, chiefly on the bill, head, and wing. A cruel death awaited them after several days of agony. On occasion I saw upwards of 6-7 ducks in a single flock become hooked. Whenever possible, I'd free them, first checking to see whether they had bands. If banded, I'd record the numbers for reporting to the Bird Banding Laboratory at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center ("Patuxent"), in Laurel, Maryland. One of the codes in the "how taken" data category was for "caught on a fishing line." Many such records are in the permanent files.

Sometimes when removing badly snared birds, I'd have to cut them free with a knife. Unfortunately, my knife sometimes slipped in the process, severing not only that main trotline but nearby trotlines.

Besides sometimes being deadly to redheads, trotlines were extremely dangerous to fishermen in conventional boats and propeller driven air boats that navigate the shallow water. The fishing lines, sometimes dangling at about eye level and, if the water was low, were sometimes difficult to see. One could easily become hooked in the face or on clothing while traveling at high speed. The poles were placed permanently, but lines were fixed only when the fisherman thought that setting and maintaining the lines would be profitable. The big question in approaching these poles was "were they set?" Ed Elmore had an airboat, and when patrolling waters sprinkled with trotlines set a machete sized very sharp knife into a socket mounted on the bow. Ed's device efficiently removed the risk of becoming hooked.

Whenever we encountered fisherman checking trotlines we informed them of the dangers to both waterfowl and humans that their lines created.

The Laguna Madre had but a few small natural islands. They were usually brush or shrub covered. Some were inhabited with colonial nesting birds such as herons and egrets. One, Green Island, was one of the first such sanctuaries established along the Texas Coast. In 1921 the Texas legislature authorized the General Land Office to lease it and Big and Little Bird Islands farther north, to the National Audubon Society. These islands were heavily used by breeding colonies of reddish egrets, snowy egrets, American or great egret, terns, and black-billed skimmers. Green Island was initially patrolled by one of the Audubon Society's few paid wardens, R. D. Camp, of Brownsville, who lived nearby on a houseboat during the breeding season. In the 1950s, Green Island was occasionally visited by one of its field men. I would check it while in the area but never found any signs of trespass or damage to nesting birds or the native brush.

At the time, there was only one commercial waterfowl guiding service along my portion of the Laguna Madre. This was a combination fishing/hunting camp located along the Rio Hondo near its entry into the Laguna Madre. This remote camp was run by "Ike" Eichblatt and his wife Mary. During much of the year it was inhabited and used by fisherman who launched their boats at Ike's boat ramp and who fished in the Laguna itself. The main species caught were "trout", known elsewhere as weakfish, and redfish, and along the Atlantic Coast called channel bass. Both were superb eating. Another group fished at night under flood lights from his dock. At that time, night-time fishing with lights was very popular along the Texas coast, and when conditions were right, an individual might catch a hundred or more fish (there were no limits). I saw little sport in this kind of fishing, never tried it, and was disgusted with the greed and the waste sometimes associated with the method.

In the fall and winter, Ike sometimes guided hunters for ducks on the Laguna itself, or for geese on the flats and nearby farm fields adjoining the water. The three species of geese present were Canadas of various subspecies (or management populations), lesser snow geese (including the dark morph then known as "blue geese"), and the choice of all, white-fronts. While it may seem odd, I never saw a flock of any of these species on the waters of the Laguna; instead the geese gathered on impounded fresh waters, rain-filled depressions, and in fields.

Coastal Texas received most of its precipitation from summer afternoon showers, occasional downpours, and from hurricanes during the summer and early fall. Some years were dry with little rain, others were quite wet. I remember one summer storm that dumped 12 inches of rain within twenty-four hours. During very wet summers and early falls, enormous numbers of waterfowl (both ducks and geese) wintered inland along the coastal plain; in other years the same areas were dry and devoid of any birds. When wet, the rolling grass and brush lands reminded me a bit of the Canadian prairie.

The present huge tourist attraction of the Lower Rio Grande Valley had not materialized by the mid-1950s. There were no upscale facilities, rental condos, or destination resorts as we know them today. However, a few thousand "snowbirds" from the mid and upper mid-west came south in their trailers every winter, parking them in scattered parks that were largely vacant during the rest of the year. Many were farmers or elderly folks who sought sun and warmth. They were known for their frugality. A common story was that Iowa farmers came south clad in their bib overalls, not changing them or the few ten dollar bills in their wallets all winter. I know first-hand that some trailer camps organized produce-"gathering" teams that raided vegetable fields for lettuce, carrots, and other winter crops, and citrus groves for oranges, grapefruits, and lemons. The teams usually gathered enough food for the entire trailer park. Little wonder that Valley folks sometimes took a mild disliking to their winter visitors, even though many of them, too, had northern roots.

While winter days were usually quite enjoyable, the prolonged summer weather, which began about mid-February and persisted to October, was oppressive to me. While the temperature in the valley itself seldom got above the 90s, in Laredo it often exceeded 100. In the Valley, the night seldom cooled off. But it was the extreme humidity that was most bothersome. One was usually perspiring by mid-morning, whether in the field or in the unconditioned office. These were days before ball-point pens, and notes were maintained by ink pens or indelible pencils. Sometimes when signing a report, it seemed like I was writing on a blotter.

During late summer the midges appeared, everywhere. The tiny insects didn't bite but buzzed everywhere, getting into eyes, ears, noses, etc. The constant act of brushing them away from the face was known as the Texas Salute. Marilyn noted that students were plagued by them and pink eye was common. In the field, one was exposed to chiggers that bore into the skin usually about the ankles. The persisted for days and itched almost beyond belief. Huge rattlesnakes were fairly common in brushy areas but I never experienced any close encounters. They seemed most active in the fall after rains.

Summer Canadian Assignments

Success Study Area, 1955-1956

After spending the first summer sweltering in the Lower Rio Grande Valley, learning the basic requirements of a U.S. Game Management Agent, and familiarization with the "Valley" and the Laguna Madre, an assignment in Canada was most welcome. The work involved research on a brand new air-ground waterfowl study area in the glaciated prairie pothole region of southwestern Saskatchewan, about a dozen miles north of Swift Current. Further, the assignment was in the region named by Flyway-Biologist Johnny Lynch as the "Big Duck Factory" or "Bald Open Prairie." To the north and east lay the aspen parkland (the "Big Crow Factory") even farther north lay the coniferous forest zone (the "Big Fish Factory").

The Success Study Area was named for the small hamlet, Success. The study area was near the southwestern corner of the hamlet and consisted of a rectangular transect some 42 miles long and a quarter-mile wide divided by the highway and gravel road. It was a two-elevator town located in intermediary mixed grassland.

In those days the sizes of prairie towns were reflected by the number of grain elevators, invariably located alongside either the Canadian National or the Canadian Pacific railways. The elevators themselves were tall wooden structures with peaked roofs, painted according to the grain organization they belonged to. Those of the Saskatchewan Grain Pool were painted dark-red with white lettering of the town or village. A one-elevator town may have had a handful of houses and perhaps no commercial establishments, not even a Chinese café. A two-elevator town had more homes, perhaps a gas station and/or general store. A three-elevator town had still more residences, two or more stores and gas stations, and a café, possibly Chinese. A four-elevator town probably had several hundred or a very few hundred or thousand residents, a variety of businesses, and one or more ubiquitous Chinese restaurants, and probably one or two non-Chinese eateries. Any inhabitation having five or more elevators verged on being a prairie metropolis.

During 1955, my co-worker was Maurice Lundy, whom I knew in Idaho. USGMA Rudy Switzer from California and Fred Kreller, from Idaho, jointly worked with me over the two years.

Our two-man crew's goals were to repeatedly count and evaluate pothole water conditions, and to count and classify breeding ducks as being paired, single, or grouped birds. In late June, we also tallied broods including species, number of ducklings per brood, and their sizes. This information was the "ground truth." Similar data were gathered by a pilot-observer crew. By developing a "visibility index", the aerial data could be converted to approximate total birds per transect.

The annual waterfowl survey crews, special study area teams (usually two people for each team), and aerial and ground teams assembled at the Regina, Saskatchewan airport about the end of April to spend a day meeting each other, forming teams, being instructed on assignments and procedures, receiving stored equipment such as waterfowl capture traps and boats, and issued bands of several sizes from the Bird Banding Laboratory at Patuxent. We also received instructions on the preparation of banding schedules (records), return of equipment at the conclusion of our assignments, and departure at Regina which was centrally located in the prairie pothole region of southern western Canada.

The annual waterfowl survey program was indeed a cooperative, international affair, involving personnel of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Canadian Wildlife Service, state and provincial wildlife agencies, Ducks Unlimited biologists, and college students. FWS personnel served as leaders of most of the surveys, and provided the greatest material input into the program in terms of aircraft, vehicles, and trailers (for banding equipment). Some FWS biologists, such as Fred Glover and Jerry Stoudt, brought trained retrievers, useful in survey work and in duck capture.

Early in the evolution of the waterfowl survey program, respective areas of prairie habitat were selected for intensive study. Some were established in the grasslands, and others in the aspen parklands (a transition area between the largely treeless prairie and the northern boreal forest). Other study areas were established by Ducks Unlimited and the various provinces, with college graduate students contributing to the usual two-man team).

Waterfowl Drive Banding Team, 1957

After two years of research on the Success Study Area, drought arrived on the western Canadian prairies and many wetlands that abundantly produced ducks became dry. The number of wetlands anticipated to be holding water in the spring of 1957 was reduced to the point that the air-ground comparison data from the Success Study Area would be statistically insufficient to justify its continuation. Thus, I was re-assigned to become leader of the Southwestern Saskatchewan drive banding team. I'd had experience capturing waterfowl at Dingle Swamp in 1953, and on the Success Study Area during 1955 and 1956. I looked forward to the assignment.

At that time, the main objective of the cooperative waterfowl banding program was to band at least 100 flightless mallard ducklings in each degree block of latitude and longitude. Only these ducks could later be identified to the geographical area where they were hatched and reared to flight stage. Other birds, once they attained flight, could not be traced to an origin. Knowing the origins or natal areas of banded waterfowl enabled biologists, using band recovery information, to plot migration routes from known waterfowl production areas. Over the years, as banding and recovery data accumulated, biologists could ascertain how wet, normal, or dry conditions in production locales affected areas southward where these populations would be hunted and harvested. Thus hunting regulations could be tailored to the anticipated fall flights.

Crews typically included 4-6 members but some specialized crews (e.g. dog crews) had only two members. During the mid-1950s, 5-7 or so large drive crews might be engaged, plus 2-4 specialized crews. Supplementing these FWS-led crews were teams from the Canadian Provincial wildlife

department, Ducks Unlimited, Delta Waterfowl Research Station, and others who banded ducks locally in conjunction with special studies, often by graduate student.

Teams customarily gathered in Regina, to receive instructions and to obtain banding equipment held in storage from the past year and receive Canadian banding periods. I had previously learned that my crew would consist of John Hatfield, a CWS college student-summer employee, Al Cannon of the Ohio Department of Fish and Wildlife, Dave Harper, hired as a temporary employee by the Illinois Department of Conservation. Towards the end of our orientation session in Regina, Fred Glover, who headed up the banding aspects of the survey, approached me, somewhat unsettled. Fred said that he unexpectedly learned that Louisiana had sent an extra man, Mort Smith, who was a waterfowl-wetlands biologist. Would I have room on my crew for him? Certainly, I said, even though I had some minor reservations about a few good ol' southern boys I'd seen in action (?) in the past. While they always got the job done, they often took their time doing it. I also remember the language of one good ol' Georgia boy, after viewing the trapping nets and capture cage after a successful drive, placing his hands on his hips, and proclaimed with an offensive racial slur, "If I were back home, this is when we'd call in the 'N Word' (offensive word deleted). I don't recall seeing any blacks or Negroes on the crews. At that time, it was thought that few blacks had an interest in fish and wildlife employment, or had the opportunity to do so.

Despite my minor reservations, in a few days it became obvious to me that Mort Smith from Louisiana was smart, ambitious, and a "go-getter". I soon assigned him the responsibility for recording the banding data. This involved completing banding schedules, the records to be sent to the Bird Banding Laboratory at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, in Laurel, Md. Here they were entered by key card punchers into the permanent records. For each duck banded, the band number, species, sex, and age had to be entered, as well as the date and banding location by distance and direction from the nearest community. The completed schedules had to be mailed to Patuxent, with a copy to the Canadian Wildlife Service (CWS), before the crews exited Canada at the end of the assignment and headed for home. Years later, Mort and I ended up working in the same Interior Building office in Washington, D.C.

Such assignments on the Canadian prairies extended over 4-6 weeks, depending upon location and chronology of the waterfowl production season. Crews normally started near the Canada-U.S. border and gradually moved northward in synchrony with the fledgling period. Ducks nested earlier and produced young sooner in southern prairie locales than in the northern areas.

We made a fine team, and in total banded about 7,000 ducks during the late June-July period. We worked all seven days of the week but took rainy days off (when prairie roads were impassable) to do laundry, handle correspondence, repair equipment (including our two vehicles and trailer), and purchase personal items. My memories abound with great stories about the diversified crewmen. Only two will be recounted. Both dwell on Dave Harper, being the youngest member, as the butt for many pranks. While we camped and cooked on the prairie, we sometimes went into towns that had some sort of a hotel. They were cheap (\$2-3 a night) but usually had only one shower and a very limited hot water supply. Thus we drew straws (matches or toothpicks) to determine our order of showering. With Dave Harper, the rest of the crew connived to see that he always drew the short straw, thus getting his shower last. By then the warm water was long gone. This went on for many days until Dave realized that he was the victim of an organized conspiracy. Nonetheless he continued to draw more short straws than any of us. I think we simply added more short straws.

More about Dave: he usually wanted to ride with me because my vehicle was the only one with a radio, which he habitually raised in volume and selected a pop music station (Elvis Presley was just coming on). Then I reduced the volume and changed stations or turned it off. He finally got the message. Dave had a habit of insisting upon blank receipts for room and meals board, telling the proprietor or waitress that he

would complete them. I'm quite certain that \$2.00 rooms became \$4 to \$5 rooms, and meals went up proportionately. These he submitted to his Illinois State Office for payment. Thus his few weeks on the prairies were rather lucrative. We FWS folks were on a straight per diem, probably about \$6-\$8 per day at the time.

An interesting incident occurred one morning when we were trapping ducks on a prairie pond. If someone or a house was nearby, we'd request permission to set up traps and explain our work. We were never refused permission. Often there was no house and no one to ask. Also many of the pastures were crown lands usually administered by the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration. In this case we entered the land, being sure to close the gate.

On one instance, while half-way through such a duck drive, a farmer in a truck entered the land and drove towards us. I waved to him to stop as he probably would disrupt the waterfowl drive, making it unsuccessful. As I talked with him, it was apparent that he was roaring drunk and was considerably irate. He asked if I knew who owned the land. I said no. Then he asked who gave us permission to enter upon his land. I said "the Queen". This puzzled him greatly so I produced our Canadian banding permit. It was an impressive document, indeed, on royal English letterhead (at that time, Canada was still a British dominion). After seeing it he said, "Well, OK", got in his truck, weaving across the prairie as he left. I hope that he got home, not ending up in a ditch.

Summer on the prairie recalls three troublesome insect pests: the usual mosquitoes and black flies plus swimmer's itch (*Schistosoma dermatitis*) a predaceous larvae that inhabited some of the potholes we waded, often without rubber boots or waders. The tiny nearly invisible insects penetrated exposed skin for several days as they developed. One did not know he had been infected for several hours and by then it was too late, and one simply had to bear the itching pain for 3-4 days. To me, they were like aquatic version of the chiggers of south Texas.

For these summer assignments I could leave the hot humid Rio Grande Valley in March, but Marilyn stayed in Harlingen until June to complete the school year. She drove to Canada in 1955 and again in 1956, and 1957 (along with six month old Scott). She was a big help to me and other crew leaders. In 1956, we were able to go on vacation, explore Canada and do some fishing. We drove to Prince Albert National Park and fished in one of the many lakes where Marilyn landed a big walleye. She later was notified that she had caught the largest walleye in that lake that summer.

The East Texas Take Down: A Day with Tony Stefano

One of my final assignments in Texas was participating in the arrest of a number of market hunters and the closure of a two year undercover operation. This operation is described in some detail in an article titled "A Day With Tony Stefano", along with news clippings which are included in my archives at the USU Merrill-Cazier Library archives and collection section.

First, a bit of history: Back in 1916 near the peak of the War to End All Wars, the United States and Great Britain (acting on Canada's behalf) found time to negotiate a treaty to completely protect, of all things, migratory birds shared by the two nations. Both countries also miraculously passed enabling legislation while Flander's Fields was running scarlet with blood. It became known as the Migratory Bird Treaty Act (1918). One of its major provisions prohibited the sale and commercial use of the avian resource.

Nonetheless for many years, underground and illegal sales continued in areas where waterfowl were concentrated near urban population centers despite the concerted efforts of federal and state law

enforcement efforts.

In April, 1956, my supervisor in Corpus Christi called, instructing me to drive alone in my unmarked vehicle to Houston and check into a given hotel by the evening of April 13. I was to bring my firearm and a suit (USGMAs had no uniforms at the time), and be prepared to stay for several days. No explanation given.

I checked in as instructed and in the lobby saw several fellow USGMAs that I barely knew and many I didn't. They were from eight states. Curiosity ran high. It would become one of most memorable of many experiences with the Fish and Wildlife Service. I am pleased to have had a small role.

The next morning, fifty or so of us gathered in a large conference room. Albuquerque Regional Law Enforcement Supervisor Larry Merovka took the podium. He impressed upon us the secrecy of the law enforcement operation in which we were to participate. Few in high positions knew of the clandestine effort.

Larry explained that FWS undercover agent Tony Stefano had been engaged for two years in investigating and infiltrating a loosely-knit group of illegal duck shooters, sellers, and buyers along the Beaumont, Houston, and Galveston coast. He had purchased birds from nearly five-dozen duck peddlers and had gathered a wealth of evidence to support federal prosecution. Most of the ducks had been shot at night while densely feeding on rice. Choice birds brought up to \$5.00 each and were sold to upscale restaurants and night clubs and served at special parties and social occasions.

We were to be divided into two-man teams, each to serve two arrest warrants beginning at a given hour the next morning, April 14. Each team would be led by a USGMA accompanied by a cooperating officer.

Larry and Tony explained the pending operation. We were to serve warrants on the alleged violators, take them into custody, and transport them to Houston for arraignment. They would be jailed pending bail.

Tony told us that he didn't anticipate any problems if instructions were followed. However, he said that High Island, a remote, salt dome island surrounded by marsh and rice fields, might pose difficulties. Merovka solicited volunteers for teams to function there.

Several fellow agents turned around to determine whether I had raised my hand. After all, I was the newest and youngest of the USGMAs and had a college degree in wildlife management. Further, I didn't speak Texan (I had been raised in New Jersey), I never wore the broad brimmed hat that marks a person of authority in Texas, and I didn't especially relish the scalding black coffee, a standard Texas drink. They were rightfully suspicious and apprehensive. Fortunately, my hand had been the first in the air.

In the afternoon we convened with all team members, including U.S. Marshals, Texas Wildlife Wardens, and Texas Rangers. Tony briefly described the overall operation to the fifty or so of us and then launched into more details. U.S. District Attorney Anthony Friloux advised us on legal matters. The two-man teams assembled and met for the first time. Tony then conferred with each team and explained their assignments in more detail. We were told about each suspect: his name, nick-name if any, general physical appearance, occupation, family, location of the evidence, and were given a detailed map.

Contingency plans were made. We synchronized our watches because the first warrants were to be

served simultaneously over a broad area early the next morning. Fortunately, each of our unmarked federal vehicles had one of those new fangled mobile radios.

Our first suspect, whom I'll call Jack (to protect the guilty), was apprehended and handcuffed with no difficulty. His ducks were in a porch deep freeze, wrapped in paper, and marked "chicken". We then went to Fred's house. While conducting business there, the phone rang. I overheard Mrs. Fred say "They're already here." Both alleged "duckleggers", especially Jack, vociferously proclaimed their innocence. Thus, we drove over to the High Island main square and slowly passed Tony's parked car. I asked the two if they knew the driver at the wheel. Jack burst out, "deleted expletive" followed in a few seconds by an even louder "... deleted expletive." The remainder of our trip into the Houston federal court building was quiet and uneventful.

The wives had been told that they might follow in their cars. Mrs. Jack did. She saw Jack behind bars, and then spotted Tony. She approached him and asked whether she would receive the jeweled ring Tony had ordered "especially" for her and on which she had made a down payment. He reassured her that the ring would shortly arrive by mail. Mrs. Jack clearly seemed more concerned about the ring than her jailed husband. It was striking how many violators still would talk with Tony, in fact several acknowledged an obviously friendly relationship.

Retrospectively, many duck sales were made in somewhat disrespectful night spots along the coast. Tony had to have some justification as to why he frequented the bars and other places where his suspects watered down or gathered. He was always unarmed.

In preparation for the assignment, Tony had completed training in appraising diamonds, other gems, and rings. The training served him well. Once, one of his suspects casually displayed a ring and asked "You're a jeweler, what do you make of this ring?" Tony took his "loop" and examined the ring carefully. After a couple of minutes Tony declared that it appeared to be a fine one-carat diamond having so many "points". However the gem had flaws, a small crack and a speck of carbon. Thus its monetary worth was much reduced. The wealthy restaurateur-duck buyer and night club owner Boortz said "That's exactly what another appraiser told me."

Tony's secondary, minor business was supplying bars with punch boards. These boards had hundreds of small holes, each filled with a tightly rolled paper bearing a number. Boards were usually placed on the bars so as to be near at hand. For a nickel, one could punch a hole with a small metal key and hope to become a winner. The prizes were cheap, nearly useless items, excepting the popular "Kewpie Dolls".

In total, fifty-three of Tony's market hunters/sellers were arraigned. All either pleaded guilty or were convicted, fined, and put on probation. They ranged from rice farmers, oil-field workers, ranch hands, restaurant owners, a convict, and a town constable. Tony had purchased over 3,000 ducks over two years. The total illegal duck take in the area during that time was estimated at more than 100,000 birds. The whole operation came off without a hitch.

In following weeks I learned more of Tony. He was 47 years old, had a law degree, a wonderful memory, and writer of extraordinarily well organized and detailed records. Tony composed his incriminating records late each evening. Some said that the effects of few beers sharpened his memory. Tony also dressed well and wore his "Charlie Chan" hat to cover his baldness.

Tony was swarthy, of average height, and a bit portly. Some agents suggested that if he were put into police lineup and were told that one was a dangerous Mafia figure, who would they pick--Tony, of course. He simply looked the part.

Tony conducted similar investigations, in the Joaquin Valley of California, and later on at Reelfoot Lake, Tenn. The Texas take down was far the largest of all Fish and Wildlife Service's operations to date in terms of the most violators apprehended and spread over the broadest area.

The Texas investigation had been closed down prematurely because there was mounting fear that his cover had been blown and his safety jeopardized as well as that of his family who lived in a Houston suburb.

Upon completing our work, I returned home, never expecting to see Tony again.

However, perhaps 15 years later, I was walking down one of the main corridors of the Interior Department Building in Washington D.C. Approaching me was a suave, well dressed gentleman. It was Tony Stefano. As we drew close he called me by name! He had not lost his miraculous memory. We chatted momentarily before each of us had to move on. Tony briefly volunteered that he was on a special assignment for the Secretary. Unfortunately we never made connections again.

Personal information about Tony is as elusive as his undercover work. Unverified records indicate that Tony died on April 10, 1993, somewhere in Virginia.

We owe much to dedicated wildlife enforcement officers like Tony Stefano and Larry Merovka who put their lives at risk for the cause of conservation.

Today, High Island is a world-renown birding site. All sorts of migratory birds gather in forest and brush of the small elevated island awaiting favorable weather before embarking on their trans-Gulf migration to Central and South American wintering grounds.

Although I maintained clippings in my files of this operation, I am indebted to FWS Historian Mark Madison and to Sandy Cleva, of the Office of Law Enforcement, Arlington, Va. for additional background material.

Leaving Rio Grande Valley, 1957

During the three years in Texas I kept in touch with Clyde Odin, a former classmate at Utah State. Clyde, a FWS employee, was stationed in Jamestown, North Dakota, working on a new federal program designed to preserve wetlands in the prairie pothole region of the Dakotas and Minnesota. This was the major duck production habitat in the United States, with the possible exception of Alaska.

Clyde mentioned that there was a vacancy in the so-called WHP (Wetlands Habitat Preservation) program, and wondered if I would like further info. For some odd reason, I didn't respond. After a few weeks, he inquired again, more pointedly. I was generally familiar with the Dakotas and liked what I'd seen of them. So I asked Clyde to send me some information about the WHP program and the employment opportunities.

This new opportunity seemed interesting and challenging so after discussion with Marilyn, I responded that I'd like to transfer. By that time we had purchased a larger house trailer (35' x 8' with two bedrooms and bath and shower to accommodate our growing family). We had also purchased a new Plymouth, but to save money, we ordered it without a heater since we never needed a car heater in Rio Grande Valley. That was a big mistake as cold winter weather in Aberdeen, SD exceeded 20 below zero on many occasions. The new Sears heater never worked very well.

We left the Rio Grande Valley with many good memories and with a son, Scott Clinton, who was born on December 19, 1956.

Moving to South Dakota: the Wetlands Habitat Preservation Program

By the fall of 1957, the Minneapolis Regional Office approved my transfer to the Wetlands Habitat Preservation Program, and that I was to report to Aberdeen, South Dakota, where a FWS office was located.

I also learned that my position description identified it as “vice, Watertown, S.D, Kenneth Black” meaning that the WHP position held by Ken Black had been transferred to Aberdeen. Ken had transferred to another position several months earlier. We crossed paths later.

So after checking out of the USGMA office and turning in my equipment we said farewell to our many friends. Marilyn and I hitched our new 35’ x 8’ house trailer onto our new 1957 Plymouth that had no heater, and headed north with ten month old Scott. We had no difficulties, and arrived in Aberdeen in October. This was a town familiar to me during traveling to and from summer assignments in Canada. We parked our mobile home in a trailer park on the east side of town.

I reported to the office the first work day and met Art Stone, the wildlife biologist assigned to the WHP program, for orientation and assignments. Art, a wounded WW II veteran was a “take-charge” sort who minced no words. His (and my) mission was to save prairie potholes from destruction, including their drainage subsidized by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) under the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS). The ASCS paid the subsidy to qualifying farmers while the Soil Conservation Service (SCS) provided the technical assistance (surveying and engineering) required.

Art gave me a copy of *Good-by Pot-Holes*, by Clay Schoenfeld, of the University of Wisconsin, who had undertaken a study of the subsidized drainage of potholes in U.S. portion of the prairie pothole region. This region, extending north and west across the Canadian prairies, was the center of North American duck production. Schoenfeld’s 1949 article appeared in *Field and Stream*. It created a lot of attention in the small but growingly influential conservation community, which eventually led to the establishment of the WHP program, and later helped spark the wetlands acquisition program.

The pothole drainage program proved to be a long-lasting embarrassment to the USDA that prided itself on the conservation and wise use of the nation’s natural resources. The drainage programs began during WW II as a means of increasing crop production. However, they continued to function after the war ended. At the same time, there was a glut of agricultural production, particularly small grain and wheat for which USDA maintained storage bins and silos in each county. The drainage program was a federal activity run amok.

I also learned that concern about the federally subsidized drainage program was first noted and reported by Fred Staunton, manager of the Waubay NWR, in Day County, located in the glacial highlands known as the Prairie Coteau (“*Coteau*” is a French term for “*Hills*”). While Fred was protecting wetlands on his refuge, just beyond his boundary, other federal agencies were systematically destroying wetlands. The USDA argued that these small wetlands had no value to wildlife.

Art explained that it was our job to document the great destruction being caused by the USDA programs, understand how these programs functioned, and try to find ways of slowing or stopping the drainage they caused. It was to be a formidable yet fascinating task. WHP work required documentation and

persuasion by personal contact, countless meetings with sportsmen, USDA, county commissioners, local organizations, and local, state, and federal officials who shaped public opinion. In no small measure, we were assisted behind the scenes by some courageous USDA employees who were deeply distressed by the hypocrisy of their agency's activities.

During one of my first days, I was startled to over-hear Art talking at length with one of U.S. Senator Karl Mundt's key staffers about the drainage activities of USDA. Such direct congressional contact by federal employees, unless expressly allowed or requested, was forbidden. Mundt was an influential conservation-oriented senator who served in key committees. He later sponsored the first Endangered Species Act, in 1973. Few holds were barred in our work, and no doubt some of it was unknown to our supervisors in the Minneapolis Regional Office. And if they knew of it, they'd surely never admit to it. We were on our own.

At that time, the WHP staff was rather small. Until my arrival, Art was the only WHP biologist in South Dakota (Bill Sweeney was stationed in Sioux Falls; and Ken Black, in Watertown, had transferred elsewhere). In North Dakota were my friends, Clyde Odin (Jamestown) and Ellison "Bull" Madden in Devils Lake; in Minnesota were Grady Mann (Fergus Falls) and Bob Panzner (Benson). We were ably supervised in the Regional Office by Burt Rounds and his assistant, Ray St. Ores. Soft-spoken and capable Warren Nord, a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge and POW, had overall supervision of the WHP program in the region. Most had previously worked in Missouri River Basin Studies, the FWS unit that valuated and tried to alleviate the wildlife/habitat aspects of the huge dam building/irrigation projects being constructed by the Bureau of Reclamation and the Corps of Army Engineers. Such experience was helpful in the new WHP program.

A few other FWS employees were also stationed in Aberdeen. Jerry Stoudt, whom I'd met in Canada, was a renowned waterfowl biologist. For several years he had conducted intensive waterfowl production studies at Redvers, in southeastern Saskatchewan. Everett Sutton was the USGMA; Ev had also spent several summers in Canada on various waterfowl surveys. Later, Jerry was joined by Ray Murdy, a Utah State classmate who earned his Ph.D. there. Ray eventually commenced intensive waterfowl breeding grounds studies north of Yellowknife in the Northwest Territory, Canada. Little was known of the waterfowl production capabilities and use of this huge chunk of glaciated and forested part of northern Canada.

Also, the Sand Lake NWR, located about twenty miles east of Aberdeen on the James River, was a major stopover of Central Flyway geese, Canadas and snows, plus mallards and other ducks. Bruce (whose surname unfortunately escapes me) was then the refuge manager, and was soon followed by the legendary Lyle Schoonover. Also stationed in Aberdeen were a number of fine state biologists, including Gene Bossenmeir, Maurice (Maury) Anderson, Tom Kuck, Ray Hart, and others. We were a closely knit group who helped each other.

A Tragic Death

About a month after arriving in Aberdeen, Art Stone and I made a trip down to Miller, county-seat of Hand County, where a disturbing amount of drainage had taken place. This began as a routine work trip, but ended in the tragic untimely death of Art.

We met with a meeting with the Work Unit Conservationist, who headed the local SCS group. Art did nearly all the talking as I listened. The discussion soon developed into a rather heated argument as the Work Unit Conservationist stoutly defended his projects, and wetlands drainage in general as a good conservation practice. The meeting ended with no agreement and plenty of disagreement.

We then got into our government vehicle intending to view some wetlands and SCS projects to the west of town, in the Missouri Coteau, the second major geographical uprising of prairie pothole habitat in the state.

As I was driving, I noticed that Art had slumped down in his seat and closed his eyes. I asked how he felt and he said, "terrible." I turned around and hastily returned to Miller and inquired about the nearest doctor. Fortunately he happened to be in, and immediately took Art into his examination room on a gurney. I waited anxiously. In forty-five minutes or so, Dr. Geist emerged, with a distressed look, and sorrowfully told me, "I am very sorrow, but your friend has died, probably of a heart attack."

It of course fell to me to call Art's wife, Ellie. I told her simply that she should drive down to Miller immediately as Art had taken ill. I could not relay such bad news over the telephone. And she would have to sign some papers. I told Ellie that Marilyn would come over to the house to take care of their two young children in her absence. We did not have a telephone, but I was able to call a neighbor to tell Marilyn of the tragedy so she could immediately go to Ellie's.

After Ellie arrived, Dr. Geist broke the news as best he could, and informed her of a few legal requirements that had to be taken care of. Ellie did not believe that Art, who was in his mid thirties, had died of a heart attack; instead she insisted that a piece of shrapnel from World War II that had lodged near his heart had somehow shifted. However, an autopsy later confirmed Dr. Geist's diagnosis. It was all a very sad, sad affair. Ellie returned to her home in New York state with her children to try to put her life back together. I never learned what FWS compensation she may have received.

For the first time, Marilyn and I realized that we had no life insurance and we took immediate action to get our financial affairs in better order.

South Dakota Work Accelerates: Small Wetlands Acquisition Program

Autumns in the Dakotas are short. Winter temperatures that were 20, or even 30 degrees below zero, were not uncommon. The high winds, and driving snow, created dangerous blizzard conditions. But before winter arrived, hunting for pheasants and waterfowl in the Aberdeen area was excellent. Since I had not resided in the state for the required six months, I chose not to purchase a nonresident hunting license, but sometimes I accompanied friends afield, without a gun. The next year I'd become an avid hunter once again. In the meantime I became better acquainted with my assigned work area, as well as the WHP program, and participated in meetings of the WHP staff, including our supervisor Burt Rounds and sometimes others from the Regional Office.

The decision was made to assign another WHP biologist to South Dakota, stationing him in Huron about 100 miles to the south. George Jonkel had worked on the Missouri River Basin Investigations, was a graduate of the University of Montana, and was originally from Wisconsin. He, his wife Jean, and their family became our fast friends. The Eastern South Dakota region was divided north-south so that I had the northeastern part and George had the southeast. The area west of the Missouri River was unglaciated, thus had no potholes.

Public interest and concern about the destruction of the prairie potholes continued to mount. But the cause needed a positive inducement that would encourage farmers to retain a national and international resource that many considered a hindrance to their livelihood of farming. The result was a federal program that enabled the government to acquire wetlands by outright purchase or by easement. The effort, called the Small Wetlands Acquisition Program, was to be directed to willing sellers or grantors of

perpetual easements to preserve wetlands. The initial program was to be funded by a \$105 million dollar loan against the future sales of federal waterfowl hunting stamps, which were required of all hunters of 16 or more years of age.

But which of countless hundreds of thousands of wetlands in the tri-state area were suitable or feasible for acquisition? A system of inventorying and evaluating candidate wetlands was needed. And who would be better qualified to lead the selection effort than WHP biologists? We knew our respective wetlands areas better than anyone else, however we were neither real property realtors nor surveyors. Consequently "Area Acquisition Offices" were created in each of our respective six assigned areas. In the beginning each office had 2-3 appraisers, and soon after, a three-man surveying crew. All this required the addition of a secretary and eventually an assistant clerk.

Obviously, FWS did not wish to, nor could it, acquire all the threatened wetlands. Instead we focused on moderately sized wetlands, of perhaps 10 to a hundred acres or more that held water most springs and summers and would be suitable for the rearing of broods. These usually fell into what we called Type 4 wetlands; in many years of ample water, Type 3 also produced broods many years. The usually smaller Type 1 wetlands were generally shallower, and of shorter duration in holding water. Nonetheless they were extremely important in augmenting the larger, more permanent wetlands. On the other extreme, Type 5 wetlands were generally larger, deeper, and often lacking in emergent aquatic vegetation except along the shorelines. There were no Type 2 wetlands in our area.

The thrust of the program was to purchase one or more of the Type 4 and Type 3 waterfowl brood areas, theoretically surrounded by smaller wetlands (what we called a "wetlands complex"). It was a challenging task sometimes to tailor acquisition boundaries of sites suitable to be acquired with actual land ownership boundaries. This realistically resulted in our buying several partial ownerships from several adjoining owners, or a portion of a single ownership. Priority was given to wetlands that could be easily drained and destroyed. The process of systematically examining and mapping candidate wetlands for purchase or protection by easement was called "wetlands delineation". We also considered the feasibility of threats such as drainage, water diversion, and adjoining land use and nesting cover. The process was done largely in the field, using aerial photographs, county maps (atlases) of land ownerships, supplemented by information gained from landowners, local farmers, and sportsmen. We often referred to other aerial photos taken other years (the USDA photographed the country periodically, usually every five years) available in SCS and ASCS offices to see how the wetlands varied over time.

Two main biological principles developed by an intensive breeding study in northern Day County provided the rationale for the program. Ken Black and Charles (Chuck) Evans undertook waterfowl production studies on a square mile block of prairie pothole habitat, known as the Waubay Study Area. Their investigations showed that all types of prairie wetlands were used, and indeed, were essential, for optimum duck nesting and production. Even the small, temporary wetlands that were being drained with federal assistance, were used by breeding ducks (both pairs and mated males), especially early in their annual production cycle. In fact, there was found to be a direct relationship between the numbers of potholes present and holding water in early spring, and the number of breeding pairs of ducks attracted to each to establish breeding territories. This crucial finding destroyed SCS allegation, and the beliefs of some farmers, that the small, temporary (Type 1) wetlands and even the more permanent Type 3s had no value for waterfowl.

Black's and Evans' research also showed that when potholes became dry, hens could march their broods considerable distances overland (sometimes a mile or more) to other wetlands still holding water. They drew this conclusion by observing ducklings that they had ingeniously dyed various colors while

unhatched within their egg shells. The dye remained on the down and duckling identity was lost only when feathers replaced the down, usually in 2-3 weeks.

Waubay Study- Enemy Swim Lake

A part of my WHP assignment in Aberdeen was to continue the Waubay Study in a less intensive manner. Fortunately, owning a house trailer meant that we could easily move it. Thus, in the spring of 1958, Marilyn and eighteen month old son, Scott, enjoyed living on the shore of Enemy Swim Lake for about 3 months. I usually worked alone in checking the 300 plus wetland basins on the study area, determining their water conditions and levels, vegetation, and their use by waterfowl, by species. I made 3-4 surveys of the area until concluding field work in early summer and moving back to Aberdeen, this time locating our trailer in a somewhat newer and better equipped trailer park.

Returning to Aberdeen I realized that we should build a house and move out of our trailer. I had accumulated leave from my work in Texas and Canada that I could use to construct a house. I also wanted the opportunity to learn more about carpentry and wood working. We purchased a Capp Home, which provided precut lumber for 1200 square foot house. We hired a neighbor to put in the basement. A crew delivered the lumber, and in less than a week framed the house. My first task was to put shingles on the roof. By working 4 hours a day in my FWS job, I was able to devote about 8 to 10 hours per day in completing the construction. Marilyn did most of the painting and decorating. We sold our trailer and used the proceeds to buy necessary furniture. By the time it was finished, we had another son, Barry Daniel.

Pothole Protection Expanded

I could not help making some comparisons between the Waubay and the Canadian Success Study Areas, where similar survey methodology was employed. It seemed apparent that farming was more intensive and the farming units and ownerships smaller at Waubay. As opposed to Success, considerably more wetlands drainage had occurred. Crops were more diversified at Waubay, with considerable acreage planted to corn. Also, there was less native prairie, pasture, and hay land at Waubay. Contrarily, more abandoned farmsteads were present at Waubay, and abandoned houses, barns, and sheds were usually occupied by waterfowl nest predators such as skunks, raccoons, and red foxes, all efficient nest predators. Nest predation was indeed higher at Waubay than at Success.

Most farmers on both areas were of Scandinavian or German-Russian stock, with the former more prevalent at Waubay, and the latter probably dominant at Success. I enjoyed visiting with these farmers at both locations. They were a hard-working hardy lot. I continued checking the Waubay area for 2-3 following years, usually making one field study annually. Sometimes I was assisted by state biologists or university students. Dave Trauger of Iowa State University was among the latter. We were to become close friends.

Wetlands delineation work intensified in all the Area Acquisition Office districts and money became available for wetlands purchase and protection by easements. Additional staffing was required. Among our Realty crew were Barry Peterson (leader), Jerry Pearson, Wally Oien, Herman Fettig, Archie Moore, and unfortunately a few whose names I don't recall. The biological staff included Larry DeBates, Jim Sieh (formerly Iowa's waterfowl biologist), and Jim Pulliam. Our cadastral surveying crew was headed by Gary Hoffmeister, with Ron Greenlund, and Bruce Mortenson. Norma Howe was the secretary, assisted by Diane Puling.

Supporters for the Pothole Protection Programs

I would be remiss in not noting others who assisted the WHP program in South Dakota. Biologists and managers of the South Dakota Department of Fish and Game were always solid supporters. The various sportsmen's clubs, notably the Brown County Sportsmen, and the Sioux Falls clubs were helpful and influential in furthering our program, as was the South Dakota Wildlife Federation. The most outstanding individual, bar none, was Dr. Jim Shaeffer, of Parker, near Sioux Falls.

Jim, a dentist, was an avid hunter. More so, he was an avid conservationist. He knew many people, and knew how "things" functioned in South Dakota, both in a political and pragmatic sense. He was smart and savvy, spoke and wrote well, and was persuasive. He knew much about wetlands, waterfowl, and the agricultural programs. He always found time from his dental schedule to appear and express himself at key meetings. Bill Sweeney, Ken Black, and Art Stone had all enjoyed working with Jim. Distance and changing programs (the emergence of the small wetlands acquisition program), and very slow retrenchment—no pun intended—of USDA's wetlands drainage program gradually tempered contacts with Jim over the years. Deservedly, Jim won many conservation awards. Gradually the WHP program became more "operational" as the program matured and capable people came to the fore.

Experience in WHP helped some to move into higher positions such as Regional Directors Ken Black, Bill Sweeney, Marv Plenert, Rolf (Wallenstrom), Area Managers (Burt Rounds and Bill Sweeney), and many wildlife research biologists at Patuxent and in the newly formed Northern Prairie Wildlife Research Center at Jamestown, under Harvey Nelson's directorship (Hal Duebbert, Ed Crozier, and Arnie Kruse).

Aberdeen had another interesting aspect at the time: there was a glut of corn and small grain, both on national and international markets. In the late 1950s, the USDA Soil Bank Program was getting underway. Its purpose was to pay farmers not to farm, and to retire their croplands and put them into cover such as sweet clover, to protect them from water and wind erosion. All this while USDA was paying farmers to drain wetlands! Nonetheless, the re-seeded heavy cover provided superb nesting and brood cover for pheasants, and protection during winter snows, winds, and temperatures. Payments for participation in the SBP was quite lucrative in the early years of the loosely-structured program, and non-farmers could buy farm land, put it into the program, and pay off the purchase price in 3 or 4 years. Coincidentally, a severe drought hit South Dakota farmers and crop production, making the Soil Bank Program more financially attractive.

Pheasant populations literally soared to levels seldom seen anywhere. Consequently, pheasant hunting in eastern South Dakota, and other parts of the upper Midwest, became a huge attraction to non-resident hunters. Local businesses such as motels and restaurants benefited greatly, as did farmers who charged fees for hunting access. Huge privately owned acreages were available for hunting, and many farms were owned by non-resident owners or South Dakotans, sometimes elderly, who had moved elsewhere.

Thus, it was not surprising that we had many visiting non-resident Fish and Wildlife Service employees (on annual leave), not only from the Minneapolis Regional Office but also from the Washington Office. Many flew into Aberdeen via North Central Airlines (later taken over by Northwest Airlines) but upon arrival, they lacked transportation. Consequently, I and other Area Acquisition Office employees frequently picked them up at the airport, dined with them, and sometimes loaned them our personal vehicles for hunting. Some stayed with us. At that time the car rental business was in its infancy; I don't recall a car rental agency in Aberdeen at the time.

In this manner I got to meet a lot of FWS people I'd only known by name. Tom Schrader (later to become director of the South Dakota Department of Fish and Game), Jim Stevenson (FWS's congressional liaison officer) and Bob Hines (FWS's artist) come to mind. On weekends, we often hunted with them. Pheasant hunting was superb, and most took their possession limits back home. Usually after hunting we'd return to their motel rooms for a drink or two, re-hash hunting experiences of the day, and listen to our visitors reminisce about FWS happenings, both current and from years past. Many fine friendships were formed, too. *(See photo on page 10.)*

Leaving Aberdeen, South Dakota

We had lived 7 years in Aberdeen and enjoyed the community and its many residents. Marilyn was able to attend Northern State College and obtain a MS degree in guidance and counseling. She had also discovered the League of Women Voters. She later served as a National officer and leader in that organization lobbying for laws to clean up hazardous wastes and protect natural resources, water and air quality. While in Aberdeen, we organized an Audubon chapter and sponsored the Audubon Film Series.

Another concern was that Aberdeen had a good school system and was a good community for children. We now had three children: Scott Clinton, born December 19, 1956, Barry Daniel, born September 7, 1958, and Julie Elaine, born May 3, 1961. Linda Diane was born on May 6, 1965. It was a difficult decision, but we both agreed that I should seek other FWS opportunities and challenges.

Moving to Bloomington, Minnesota

By the winter of 1964, I began considering other FWS positions. By chance, I was contacted by the Minneapolis Regional Office (Region 3), inquiring whether I'd be interested in a job opening up in my old unit, the Branch of Management and Enforcement. The title was Assistant Regional Supervisor (Technical), Branch of Management and Enforcement. The Regional Office (RO) Supervisor was Floyd ("Flick") Davis, a veteran, well liked and respected. Flick had another Assistant Supervisor, Doug Swanson, who handled law enforcement matters. Prior to Minneapolis, he'd spent much time in Alaska. I knew quite a few of the USGMAs assigned to the Minneapolis region, having met them in Canada or in meetings. They were a fine group of professionals.

Jerry Pospichal, the incumbent, was transferring into a pilot's position. Jerry's predecessor had been Art Hawkins, whom I'd met in Canada. Art was then the Mississippi Flyway Representative, stationed in the Minneapolis RO, but supervised from the Washington Office. Art was highly experienced and well regarded in the fourteen Mississippi flyway states. Ross Hanson, veteran Flyway Biologist, shared an office with Art.

The Minneapolis position was attractive. Both Marilyn and I had enjoyed Aberdeen, and we had finally moved into our new home. I was proud of the work I did on that house and hated to leave it. I had enjoyed all aspects of the necessary carpentry work on the framed shell of the Capp Home, including roofing, putting on siding, and all the interior finishing work. Installing and finishing the oak floors was the most tedious. Although the hours were long, I had enjoyed the challenge of carpentry work and was able to work part time using some of the many hours of leave I had accumulated in Texas and Canada.

But after much discussion, I applied and was accepted for the position. Marilyn bore the task of packing our belongings, selling our Aberdeen home, and searching for a new house. The house sold for about \$18,500, and, in spite of all my labor, we did not make a profit.

Return to FWS Management and Enforcement

The duties of the position were broad, but essentially related to Management and Enforcement (M&E)'s biological management programs; things such as migratory bird surveys, banding programs, developing annual hunting regulations. Foremost, the incumbent served as the region's representative on both in-house and out-house (non-agency) migratory bird programs and projects (other than those vested in the Branch of Refuges, Federal Aid projects, etc.).

Much of the work involved coordination and cooperation with both state and private conservation groups such as the Mississippi Flyway Technical Committee, and assisting the Regional Director in his association with the Mississippi Flyway Council. Inasmuch as the two Dakotas, Nebraska, and Iowa were then in Region 3, similar contact and coordination was required with the Central Flyway Technical Committee and Council. These Technical Committees and Councils were at that time waterfowl oriented. Each group had sub-committees dealing with various species and special problems. In addition, there were Mourning Dove Management Unit Technical Committees, and the group similarly representing woodcock. There seemed few bounds to the position's responsibilities, nor to meetings of various sorts, travel, and report writing. It was a hectic job, with a great deal of travel, but fascinating and challenging.

Personnel at the Minneapolis RO were highly respected. Many in the Washington Office and in key positions in other regions had cut their teeth, so to speak, with training and experience in the Minneapolis Region. In fact, Dan Janzen, at that time the current FWS Director, had come out of Minneapolis where he had been the Regional Director.

Region 3 USGMAs were a talented and interesting lot. Among those I recall were Bill Ellerbrock and Harry Pinkham (Minnesota), Marshall Stinnett and Miles Camery (Wisconsin), Joe Hopkins, Clark Bavin, and Ralph Von Dane (Illinois), Chuck Kniffin (Indiana), Bill McClure (Michigan), Ed Bosak (Ohio), Wayne Sanders and John Hague (Missouri), Harry Jensen (and later, Bill McClure), Dave Fisher, Howard Lovrien, Bonar Law (South Dakota), Gus Bonde (Nebraska), and Wes Newcomb (Iowa). Others I don't recall. My compatriots in other regions were Bill French (Boston), Parker Smith (Atlanta), Ken Bauer (Albuquerque), and Dave Marshal (Portland). Unfortunately we seldom got together to compare notes, other than at the annual regulations meetings.

In Minneapolis, those I worked most closely with were Forest Carpenter (Chief), Herb Dill (Biologist), Ed Smith, Harry Stile, Les Dundas, and Claire Rollins, all of the Division of Wildlife Refuges; several Federal Aid folks; and of course Hawkins and Hanson. The Assistant Regional Directors overseeing LE, Refuges, and other "management" units were ("Pete") Nelson, a Minnesotan with much time in Alaska and with a special interest in waterfowl, Walt Schaefer, a veteran FWS administrator, and Sam Jorgenson, a Utah State graduate. Bob Burwell, an unflappable, polished administrator who rose through the Missouri River Basin Investigations, was our Regional Director. Gentlemanly Burwell never swore but when he was most displeased he'd say, "Fellas, this isn't a very good way to run the railroad."

The Horicon Goose Dilemma- We Did Not Go To Jail

Perhaps the major chronic waterfowl program in the region, insofar as creating controversy and public attention, was what some called the "Horicon Goose War". Horicon, a huge marsh in southern Wisconsin had been unsuccessfully drained for farming long ago. In the 1940s, FWS acquired the major part of the northern marsh and created Horicon NWR, while the Wisconsin Fish and Game Department obtained the somewhat smaller southern part. The bulk of the Mississippi Valley Population (MVP) of Canada Geese flew over the vicinity during fall migration (and spring also) en route to their traditional wintering area in southern Illinois and even farther south. Corn was the chief agricultural crop in the

Horicon area, and some was planted under a share-crop arrangement with a few local farmers. Further, the refuge share of the crop was left standing; but then the geese learned that they could enter the standing corn and strip the ears of their kernels (something unheard of before; elsewhere snow geese learned the same thing). Their food table was set.

Jerry Stoudt, then working in the area, recalled the first time that geese stopped during the fall at Horicon NWR. They liked what they saw on the table, and in successive years more and more stopped and stayed longer at Horicon NWR. Local hunters had a bonanza time goose hunting. The kill of MVP geese soared, resulting in fewer being available later for harvest in Illinois. Eventually an overall harvest quota was put on the MVP, with Wisconsin and Illinois unequally dividing the quota. Each summer the two states and FWS met to determine the upcoming season's quota and how it was to be divided. Much was at stake as goose hunting in both states was a highly important sporting and an economic asset. These meetings sometimes were quite acrimonious, particularly in finally reaching agreement on the allotted quotas, which were then announced in the annual hunting regulations. Further, each state argued that the other didn't have a good harvest measurement system and therefore didn't know when the quota would be attained. A bit of lead time was needed so that FWS could publish official notice of the season's closure in the *Federal Register*.

The setting of these goose hunting regulations was a recurring problem as the two states battled for their share of the quotas. Meanwhile, more and more Canada geese stopped over at Horicon and stayed longer. And the two states accused FWS of contributing to the problem by planting corn on the refuge attracting and holding geese longer.

Finally FWS, under mounting pressure, decided that it would have to find a solution of some sort. First FWS would discontinue producing corn on Horicon NWR. Secondly it tried to make other FWS refuges in Wisconsin more attractive to the geese as a means of reducing and distributing the numbers that concentrated at Horicon NWR. Efforts to get Wisconsin to improve its means of monitoring the annual harvest quotas were not very effective, so the state and FWS entered into a new program of controlling the harvest by issuing permits. Such permits had never been used by FWS for waterfowl and only a couple of states had employed permits to control waterfowl harvests. Computers were just coming into practical use in the early, mid 1960s. Consequently, the Minneapolis RO let a contract to a fledgling computer firm to provide computer support. This was my first experience in working with computers.

Upon shooting a goose, the hunter had to validate his permit with the date of the kill. Hunters possessing geese with invalidated permits were subject to both state and federal regulations. All in all, the system functioned fairly well. The main complaint was that hunting was so good that permit holders obtained their goose and the quota was achieved very quickly, causing the season to close.

The new quota system in Wisconsin had little impact on soaring goose concentrations and the quota, soon reached, resulted in a federal emergency closure. Consequently, a radical approach was decided upon. FWS would try to break up the huge concentrations on the Horicon NWR by herding the birds by aircraft, boat, and vehicle. These efforts would be supported on the ground by propane exploders and pyrotechnics. In the fall of 1967, this largely untested means to move the geese was put to test. Two or three dozen FWS M & E and Refuge people gathered at Horicon. For ten days the refuge geese were harassed or hazed. Boat patrols focused on the more accessible parts of the refuge while aircraft focused on geese concentrated in more inaccessible parts of the marsh. While geese could be flushed and driven from the refuge proper, they often fragmented into smaller flocks, milled about, and after a while settled back onto the refuge. As I recall, there was some evidence that some moved on to so-called "satellite" wetlands owned and managed by the Wisconsin Department of Conservation.

The state did not support the hazing effort. After about ten days into the operation, we received word that the following morning those supervising the program would be served summons directing us to cease hazing, and to appear in state court for arraignment. We would be charged with harassing wildlife, a violation of Wisconsin regulations. We were told to cooperate, and inasmuch as our hazing operation was about to shut down anyway, it was terminated. The Solicitor's Office in Minneapolis provided the legal background, advised us how to react, and that he would be intervening in the case.

The following day, at about 9 a.m., as anticipated, two carloads of state officers arrived at the Horicon NWR headquarters, led by no other than the state's assistant Attorney General. He duly informed us of the state charges, and said that he was going to escort us to a state court in Beaver Dam. This included about a half dozen of us, including the Refuge Manager, pilots, other key people overseeing the program, and myself. The state judge advised us of the charges and gave us opportunity for a statement. As I recall, our response was basically that migratory game birds, including Canada geese, were under the overall jurisdiction of the U.S. government in this case, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and that Federal laws and regulations overrode those of the state. We did not go to jail. The judge released us, not requiring bail.

In a few days, the U.S. Solicitor's Office intervened, filed appropriate documents and, moved that the case be transferred to Federal Court. I believe that this occurred but it was a moot action as nothing more was heard from Wisconsin, and in a few months the state very quietly officially dropped its charges.

All this, of course, led to a great deal of publicity, quite unfavorable in Wisconsin, more or less favorable in Illinois, and perhaps best described as mixed elsewhere. The whole operation was widely and thoroughly discussed in following months, especially amongst members of the Mississippi Flyway Council and the Technical Committee's Canada Goose Subcommittee. While we did not claim success with the hazing effort, three major things, in my mind, were achieved: 1. Goose harvests could be controlled by the new permit system (recognizing that it could be further improved upon); 2. Both Wisconsin and Illinois improved their law enforcement efforts in monitoring hunter compliance; and 3. Both states recognized that they would have to cooperate more closely in managing the Mississippi Valley Population of Canada geese, and particularly for setting overall harvest quotas and their respective shares. As another result, both Wisconsin and FWS shifted their farming programs from so-called "hot" foods (particularly corn), to crops that were less attractive to geese.

I would be remiss in not recognizing some key State individuals who contributed to alleviating the "Horicon Problem": among the Wisconsin biologists and managers were Dick Hunt, Jim Bell, Bob Smith, George Arthur, (the Wisconsin Director), Bill Lodge, (the Illinois Director), and members of the Mississippi Flyway Technical Committee's Canada Goose Subcommittee, led by Cal Barstow of Tennessee.

The permit system was continued for a few years, and efforts to better distribute Canada geese on both State and FWS refuges gradually bore fruit. The overall management of the MVP improved as participants became more trusting of each other, cooperated more freely, and most importantly, kept the welfare of the goose population foremost.

A situation somewhat similar to the MVP existed for the Eastern Prairie Population (EPP) of Canada geese that bred farther west on Hudson Bay. These geese, like the MVP, once wintered farther south but over the years settled into a pattern of wintering at Swan Creek NWR and nearby state management areas. While states north of Missouri shared in the harvest of these geese, most of it occurred in Swan Lake locale. Under the circumstances management responsibilities of the EPP rested largely with FWS and

Missouri. While federal-state discussions of the allowable harvest quotas for the Swan Lake area . sometimes began at odds, both reached amicable, reasonable agreement.

Other "goose problems" and programs in Region 3 consumed inordinate attention, resources, and money, in my view. The attention of the Branch of Wildlife Refuges seemed directed to Canada goose management, either of migrants, or local breeders, or both. The Horicon experience had showed that excessive numbers of geese in the wrong places or at the wrong times can cause huge management problems. On the other hand, I felt that ducks were generally being ignored or considered relatively little because of Canada goose problems. Insofar as the overall waterfowl hunting public was concerned, it was ducks for which they bought waterfowl hunting stamps, and for which they hunted. In considering the ducks vs. goose dilemma, one should know that in the 1960s there were relatively few places, on and off refuges, where any number of Canada geese bred, the exceptions being on some western refuges, and on a small number of state management areas such as Mosquito Reservoir, where Ohio waterfowl biologist Karl Bednarik, by placing nesting platforms close together, had developed a means of achieving a relatively concentrated dense goose nesting population and very high production.

As a result of Karl's and few others' efforts, refuge managers undertook a large nesting program to construct and place breeding platform on state and federal management areas. These bore fruit (oops, goslings). Local breeding populations grew quickly. Where breeding geese were absent, propagated birds from Sand Lake NWR in northeastern South Dakota and elsewhere were released. In other cases, breeding geese were captured, pinioned, and released into new areas.

In Region 3, Refuge Manager Harvey Nelson, Herb Dill, and others found that the so-called Giant Canada Goose, the original race that nested through the upper mid-west in early settlement days, and thought to be extinct, actually existed in very scattered small numbers. Other "Giants" were held by game breeders. Together they mounted an effort to assemble and establish scattered flocks, whose offspring in turn could replenish areas formerly devoid of geese. Being the endemic form, Giant Canadas adopted very well to areas in which they were released, and flourished. Harold C. Hansen, a leading proponent of Canada goose taxonomy, wrote a book about these geese

Metropolitan Canada Geese

The Minneapolis-St. Paul area is blessed with a huge number of glacially created lakes and marshes, unequalled anywhere else. While they provided superb breeding habitat for many species of prairie ducks, few Canada geese nested in the cities' confines. These urban wetlands were of enormous benefit to many species of wildlife.

Consequently, Mississippi Flyway Representative Art Hawkins, a crusading advocate for waterfowl, proposed that FWS take the lead, in cooperation with the Minnesota Department of Conservation and others to establish a breeding population of Canada geese, using members of the "Giant" race. By installing nesting structures, nesting geese would be afforded a higher degree of safety from predation and molestation.

As a postscript, the program was extremely successful. In fact, Canada geese became so numerous that population controls had to be mounted. Urban goose-established programs in other cities followed suit.

The Goose Trucking Experiment

Contrary to the brightening future of Canada geese, both as migrants and breeders, in the upper Midwest and in southeast Canada, they had nearly disappeared further south. Large numbers once wintered in the south as far as St. Marks NWR on the coast of the Florida panhandle. One school of thought was that the increase of food, especially corn, in the northern states plus ample areas of sanctuary caused geese to winter farther north, thus abandoning their former wintering grounds in the south. Waterfowl managers called this “short-stopping”. On the other hand, Walt Crissey hypothesized that hunting pressure and harvest levels might better reflect the true cause. Geese in lesser hunted areas might increase if given protection, while those in heavily hunted areas with generous hunting limits could be over-harvested.

In hopes of re-establishing the migrations of Canada geese to southern wintering areas, a thought was advanced. Why not simply capture geese on the northern areas, haul them south, and release them? But would the released birds in the south, return south next year, following their old migration to former wintering areas, or would they return south to the areas to which they had been trucked and released? I was quite skeptical of the trucking effort and felt fortunate that it was being conducted largely by refuge employees. By and large, the trucking effort did not rebuild the lost southern wintering tradition, and it was eventually discontinued.

Future Farmers of America Mallard Duckling Program

Not long after arriving in Minneapolis, I learned that I'd be deeply involved in a cooperative program with the Minnesota Chapter of the Future Farmers of America (FFA), the Minnesota Department of Conservation, (MDC) and the Max McGraw Foundation. This was the development and release of flightless ducklings from semi-wild mallard stock. For some time, the Executive Secretary of the Minnesota FFA had been searching for a “wildlife conservation” project in which rural FFA boys could participate. The Max McGraw Foundation, had a waterfowl propagation facility in northeastern Illinois along the Fox River, and had been producing mallards for shooting on its own game preserve and for release. The release of domestic-stock mallard ducklings had proven unsuccessful nearly everywhere it had been tried. Would the release of genetically semi-wild stock in good waterfowl production habitat be more successful? No one knew for certain.

Under mounting interest and pressure from FFA and the McGraw Foundation, FWS and the MDC had agreed to participate, with some stipulations. Because mallards trapped in the wild would be needed for breeding stock, both state and federal permits would be required. Also, in order to assess the release program, a sample of the ducklings would be banded with standard FWS bands from the Bird Banding Laboratory at Patuxent. Both federal and state banding permits would be required. It was important that the banded sample be representative of the ducklings being released (age and condition wise), their sex recorded, as well as date and location of release, and pertinent other information, such as the genetic parentage of each hybrid duckling. The latter were identified as F1 generation (a wild mallard drake x domestic female); F2 (an F1 male x domestic female), etc.

It was in 1966, I believe, that the four parties met to plan the program and layout their respective responsibilities (finalized by a written agreement). Flick and I represented FWS. The Max McGraw Foundation (represented by Dr. George V. Burger) would develop the breeding stock and duckling production, and supply them to rural locations where they would be distributed to local FFA members. FFA with the help of FFA high school instructors arranged for local participation, and provided their identifications and locations to FWS. The “feds” (myself) would arrange for the bands from the Bird Banding laboratory, do much of the actual banding, and maintain and submit the banding records. Responsibility for the final report on the release program fell to FWS, with the assistance of MDC. All

participants contributed to preparing instructions, guidelines, and publicity. Key MDC personnel were Forrest Lee (himself a waterfowl propagator and authority on waterfowl genetics), Bob Jessen (state waterfowl biologist), and other regional game managers and biologists. Occasionally I was assisted by USGMAs stationed in Minnesota. The field work (transporting the ducklings, meeting FFA participants, and banding and release the ducklings) occurred in late June-July.

The cooperative FFA duckling release program was quite complex, required much communication (and sometimes generated miscommunication), travel, record keeping, and expense. The respective participants bore their own expenses, in the case of agencies, from regular "operating funds". Such an unfunded cooperative program today would be unthinkable. In my case, it was simply one of many such "special" job responsibilities. The whole program could be likened to a minor military operation except that no one really was in charge of all the participants. Despite this limitation, the operational phase of the program functioned remarkably well, thanks much to the participants.

I participated in the program during 1967, and when I transferred to Patuxent in the fall of 1967, I was replaced by my friend George Brakhage of the Missouri Department of Conservation. It fell to George to prepare the final report. I surely didn't envy him. George also capably carried on FWS's involvement in resolving the Canada goose hunting permit program in Wisconsin, the Horicon "problem" in general, and the myriad of other activities that fell to the Assistant Regional Supervisor (Technical), Branch of Law Enforcement.

Dove Banding Project

I participated in another interesting project while serving as USGMA in Minneapolis. I was responsible for overseeing the Region's recently initiated nationwide mourning dove banding program which had arisen from efforts in the Eastern Management Unit (EMU). As a result of the previously concluded EMU mourning dove nestling banding program, Bill Kiel, then at Patuxent, undertook a study of band recoveries was able to determine mourning dove migration patterns and times. Banding nestlings was a time-consuming, expensive project in which many volunteered.

A fact unrecognized by many was that the mourning dove was the most important migratory game bird in North America, based on hunter harvest. It was essential to know where the doves produced in one geographical area migrated through and to, and along which route, providing hunting opportunity. In converse, it was essential to know the areas that provided doves to given harvest areas. Kiel had worked this out, using states as units of banding and recovery. His finding led to the establishment of three mourning dove management units in the United States: the Eastern, Central, and Western states.

But there were many questions of dove migration and harvest to be answered. Consequently, a new nationwide banding program was planned by Patuxent biologists Roy Tomlinson, Howard Wight, and Al Geis. It was just getting underway in the mid-1960s in the Eastern Management Unit (EMU), a local decision in view of the great importance of the mourning dove in the southeast. Coupled with this was an "experiment" involving changes in bag limits allowed EMU hunters. It was aimed at better understanding the relationships (if any) between harvest levels (hunting mortality) and dove populations.

It was generally recognized that doves had a relatively short life-span and high natural mortality, but were highly productive (biologically). But were hunting deaths in addition to deaths from natural mortality? Would the hunter-killed birds have died anyway, later? Some thought they would, making hunting loss a "compensatory" form of mortality. Others suspected that an unknown fraction of the hunter-killed birds would have survived, and some would have produced young the following year (and perhaps later years). In this case, the hunting mortality was "additive". The issue of these two concepts was one of the most

important matters confronting mourning dove biologists. Hopefully, the new banding program would help answer the question. Much effort in setting banding quotas involved "random sampling" to make the effort and its results more representative of the mourning dove population distribution and abundance.

Participation in the nationwide dove banding effort fell on USGMAs, Refuge Managers, and others located at field facilities that had an interest. Personnel of state conservation agencies also contributed greatly to the banding effort. As I recall, a goal of 2,000 doves to be banded was set for each state. Coordination was needed to plan where doves were to be banded and by whom. The banding largely occurred in June through August, before most doves had begun migration south. Thus the band recoveries could be related to general production areas. By banding only doves capable of flight, the use of baited traps for capturing large numbers of doves became possible.

The cooperative bag limit experiment in the EMU had been planned to begin in the fall of 1967, however a review of Bird Banding Laboratory records indicated that most quotas set for the dove banding program fell short, and were achieved in only few locations. Thus commencement of the program was delayed a year, but eventually completed when I was employed at Patuxent.

Meeting John Ward- An Outstanding Volunteer

One day in the early mid-1960s, Bob Burwell, then Minneapolis Region 3 RD, called me into his office. He explained that good friends of his, John Ward and Norman Slade, had inquired about the desirability of holding a workshop on woodcock. He explained that while both were avid woodcock hunters, their interests ran much deeper, into their conservation and management. Contacts had also been made with the Minnesota Dept. of Conservation (MDC), the University of Minnesota (Bill Marshall), and the Wildlife Management Institute (Larry Jahn, then field representative located at Waupan, Wisc.). Patuxent (Bill Goudy) later got involved. Would I represent the FWS's Regional Office in helping plan the workshop? Certainly I would.

Burwell then gave a bit of background on Ward and Slade. Slade was from the family that was instrumental in location of the route of what is now the Burlington Northern Railroad, formerly the Great Northern, created by James Hill and associates as one of the first four U.S. transcontinental railroads in the mid-1800s. The Slades had donated their private North Dakota waterfowl hunting club and environs to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife, asking only for an annual report of its management. It has for many decades been the Slade NWR.

Of John Ward, Burwell noted that he was an ardent woodcock hunter (Bob and Walt Shaefer were too), a leading conservation leader in Minnesota, and quite well known in the state's political and social arenas. But Bob had no idea what Ward's business or profession was, and should I ever hear, would I inform him? I later learned that Mississippi Flyway Representative Art Hawkins, who also had a keen interest in woodcock and knew John quite well, had no idea of John's vocation.

The MDC offered its Long Lake facility in northern Minnesota for the meetings. One day John Ward, Norman Slade, and I traveled in Norm's car to view the Long Lake facility. While I don't recall the make of the vehicle, it was immaculately black outside and in. Norm brought along a small white dog (possibly a spaniel) who laid its head on Norm's right leg as he drove. I was impressed with the great number of white dog hairs that adhered to the plush black upholstery, hundreds upon hundreds. We talked much of woodcock, hunting, and conservation activities, but not a word from John about his employment.

That workshop at Long Lake was the forerunner of the Woodcock Symposia that continues to be held to this day. After the workshop I reported to Bob Burwell that I had no idea what John did for a living. But that he was obviously deeply committed to the woodcock, seemed to know everyone who knew anything about the North American species or allied forms, had traveled worldwide, and was well acquainted with professional and non-professional wildlife biologists and hunters alike.

Until mid-1967 when I transferred to Patuxent, John and I were in frequent contact, usually about his banding (mist netting), and we continued to keep in touch during my years at Patuxent. John was one of the many who worked behind the scene in getting passage of the original Accelerated Research Program for migratory webless game birds. Once the program came into being, he maintained a strong interest in woodcock research studies funded by it. I recall one Sunday morning I got a call at home (Laurel, Md.) from him about an ARP matter (he called from anywhere at any time). He volunteered that he was in Florida spending the weekend with "Fritz". I asked, "Fritz?" even though I was certain he was referring to Fritz Mondale, then a very influential U.S. Senator from Minnesota and later a Presidential candidate. Fritz strongly supported the Accelerated Research Program (ARP) established to provide funding for migratory upland game birds, doves, woodcocks, snipes, etc.

I was a bit saddened when John told me that he was moving to California. That would mean the end of his involvement with woodcock, I thought. He said that he was re-marrying (his first wife had died several years before) and that Jane, his new bride, wished to live in California. Thus they moved to Pebble Beach.

Soon John developed an avid interest in band-tailed pigeons, equal to, if not exceeding, that for woodcock. We kept in touch, our discussions now on band-tails instead of woodcock. But I think that his new interest may have been sparked by Bill Marshall who had also retired and moved to California, in Santa Rosa.

On day I received a call from John asking if I could spend the weekend with him and Jane (I hadn't met her) following the Pacific/Western Management meetings to be held the preceding week. I looked forward to seeing him again and readily accepted. John said that he'd pick me up at the Monterey airport Saturday morning.

I arrived as scheduled but no John. However in a few minutes he arrived in his sporty red convertible, apologizing for his dress (working khakis). He'd been painting his house and was spotted with white paint. Time had simply gotten by him until Jane reminded him of the time. He apologized profusely.

In a few minutes we arrived at his house, a modest ranch-type situated on the hill overlooking much of Pebble Beach. He introduced me to Jane, a most attractive, charming gal who I later learned had been an airline stewardess. She was considerably younger than John.

After the initial welcome John came forth with an unopened bottle of fine single-malt scotch, something I enjoyed and appreciated. He placed it on the coffee table explaining that I should feel free to take a drink anytime I wished, and that the remnants were mine to take home. We shared a few drinks but there was a substantial amount left to dispose of in Maryland.

Dinner time approached and Jan suggested that he dress for dinner. He disappeared for a few minutes and appeared in a Harris tweed sport coat—over the khakis. Jane seemed satisfied. I don't recall what we had for dinner except that I remember that it was very fine and that Jane was a gifted cook.

Naturally our conversations that day and the next morning focused on band-tailed pigeons, and particularly his trapping and banding operations conducted in the backyard, and to lesser extent, in the front yard. He used simple drop traps that could be triggered readily when sufficient band-tails had been attracted under them by feed. The traps were attractive arranged amongst the statuary (cherubs, naked ladies, etc.) and beds of flowers.

Although John did much of the trap baiting, and banding, he had a college student helper. However John had only rudimentary understanding as to how his vast accumulation of banding and recovery data could be processed for meaningful results. Clait Braun, then with the Colorado Department of Fish and Game, was actively engaged in the Four-Corner State (AZ, CO, NM, and UT) cooperative banding program, after hearing of John's work, also paid a visit to Pebble Beach. The upshot was that Clait volunteered to analyze the data, which he did and he reported upon it in technical papers.

While visiting John that weekend, I was greatly impressed with the woodcock oil paintings that adorned many walls of the house. The bulk had been purchased during foreign travels, and surely some must have cost him thousands of dollars. It is my understanding that John willed these to the University of Minnesota.

John eventually died and was buried in Minnesota. Jane continued to live in the Pebble Beach house, and the last time that I talked with her by phone several years later she reported that she'd recent remarried, to a retired Army colonel. I wished her well, as she too was an extraordinary person.

To close this tale, I never did learn precisely what John did for a living. But bits and pieces suggested that he was a facilitator of corporate mergers. Forever modest, he never said anything that led me to believe that he had a law background.

I regard John as one of the finest individuals that it has been my privilege to know. The knowledge of North American woodcock and band-tailed pigeon populations were substantially enhanced by his tireless effort. I was fortunate to meet other volunteers who made substantial contributions to waterfowl, dove, woodcock and band-tailed pigeon management and John Ward was one of the most outstanding.

On to the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, Laurel, Maryland

In the spring of 1967, Dr. Aelred Geis of Patuxent made a trip to Minneapolis, to participate in a meeting at the University of Minnesota. I picked him up at the airport and Al stayed with us in Bloomington. Since his luggage was lost in the flight, Marilyn tried to find him a clean T shirt. Al was a big guy, over six feet tall, with a big chest. The very large T shirt that Marilyn found for him was tight, but he did not complain and wore it and a larger dress shirt of mine to the meeting. That tight T shirt would not have bothered Al as his mind was always full of exciting projects involving migratory birds.

At that time I did not know Al very well although I had met him briefly on migratory bird matters. Al had many interests, but his visit was to inquire about my interest in the vacant position as Chief of the Section of Migratory Upland Game Bird Studies (for doves, pigeons, woodcock, and snipe) at the Migratory Bird Populations Station (MBPS). Walt Crissey was director of the MBPS and I greatly admired him.

The position had been vacant for several months (previously held by Howard Wight, and earlier by Roy Tomlinson). Before the Section had been formed, Bill Kiel, and Jim Teer had handled mourning dove studies. At Patuxent, Bill Goudy was the woodcock biologist. Little was being done on other species except that a woodcock biologist had been part of the Moosehorn NWR staff. MBPS also had a field station in Tucson, Arizona, headed by Dr. Lytle Blankenship, a Texan who had gotten his doctorate at the

University of Minnesota on a study of waterfowl use and production on ranch and farm ponds in western South Dakota.

Al described the position in glowing, exciting terms (as he usually did most things). He explained that besides the usual responsibilities (which were hardly "usual" at all), a new program was being established by Congress that would much increase research on these species. The new program would be funded annually and would involve grants to states applying for specific research for the designated species. In addition, FWS would retain \$25,000 for each of two field stations. One would be for mourning dove studies (in South Carolina), the other for woodcock (in Maine). Because the funds would become available on July 1, it was imperative that the Patuxent position be filled quickly.

He also noted that since the Bird Banding laboratory was at Patuxent, the position would provide a superb opportunity to learn about computers which Al believed were the wave of the future. Aside, I deeply admired both Walt and Al for their knowledge on migratory birds and their brilliance. Al wanted to know if I would be interested in moving to Maryland for a few years to take advantage of the opportunities that the position offered.

I was interested, but this would mean yet another move since we had only been in Bloomington for three years. We also had a new daughter, Linda Diane, born on May 6, 1965. Marilyn and I discussed the move, recognizing that it would be a challenge to once again sell a house, pack and then find a new home near Patuxent. But after some discussion, we made the decision to move to Maryland that summer.

Personnel duly processed papers with an effective reporting date in late summer. In the meantime, FWS had to conduct hearings on the upcoming hunting regulations, of which the incumbent in my position would have to participate, chiefly by providing survey and biological information for "in-house" discussion. I would also have to attend a public hearing in the huge auditorium of the Department of the Interior Building, in downtown Washington. Al had told me earlier, that should I be selected, a late June trip to Patuxent would be necessary.

Since my Mother lived in New Jersey, we concluded that we could leave the kids with her and combine the summer meetings with a house hunting trip.

A move to Patuxent in Maryland meant that we had a very busy summer. We now have four youngsters. We would have to sell our house, pack our household goods and find a new home before school in September. The task fell to Marilyn. In June we traveled to my Mother's home in New Jersey, and left the kids so we could find a new home. Marilyn explored the area while I had to begin work.

Marilyn soon discovered that some housing developments near Laurel built by Levitt (Bowie and Montpelier) did not provide opportunities for government loans because they were segregated. Although we expected to obtain a conventional bank mortgage, we did not want to live in a segregated community. She located a small development under construction in West Laurel that was not segregated. We later found out we had black families and even a gay couple living down the street.

West Laurel was about 12 miles from Patuxent and they were building a new school nearby. There was reasonably good access to Washington, Baltimore, and Annapolis. However the house was not yet built and would not be available until November. In July as we walked to the lot, no construction had begun and we had to carefully avoid lots of poison oak. We were assured that the house would be ready by November. Actually, we moved in the first of December. While I handled the "official" responsibilities of the new job, which also included travel, the family would exist in a drab, gray apartment located just

west of the Laurel shopping center (years later, presidential candidate George Wallace was to be the subject of an assassination attempt there).

During the summer of 1967, Marilyn was busy with managing details of the move and selling our Bloomington house but I was at work at Patuxent. I roomed with Ed Addy and his wife. He was the Atlantic Flyway Representative stationed at Patuxent.

Continuing Experimental Dove Bag Limit Program

The cooperative bag limit experiment in the EMU had been planned to begin in the fall of 1967, however a review of Bird Banding Office records indicated that the quotas set for the dove banding program had fallen short, and were achieved in only a few locations. Thus the decision was made to extend the banding period by a year before the bag limit was increased from 10 to 12. Because I had found the shortcoming, I suspect that a few in the southeast blamed me for the delay.

Greater efforts were made to improve the dove banding program. It became apparent that a manual on trapping and banding doves, using the age and sex criteria developed by Tomlinson and others was needed because banders used a number of trap designs, some being fairly efficient, others not so. Some traps were economical to construct, others not. It seemed to us at Patuxent, where we were participating in the banding effort, that some standardization was needed. Although not yet proven, the collapsible trap developed by USGMA Charles (Chuck) Kniffin in Indianapolis was superior to others, and white millet was the best bait for attracting doves into it. Consequently, we prepared a manual in the Special Scientific Report series for distribution to banders. It became quite popular, and went into second printing. Dove trapping and banding accomplishments rose dramatically, partly because of the manual, and banding workshops conducted nationwide.

Accelerated Research Program (ARP)

Spencer Amend, a bright young graduate of Utah State had been hired to fill the ARP position in South Carolina. Spence was located at McBee and had his office at the Carolina Sandhills NWR. His duties included a number of research projects focuses on the call-count survey, banding, food habit studies, and others having some sort of management application. Spence was a self-starter and, fortunately, required minimum supervision. He and his work firmly established FWS's commitment to the mourning dove, a species we'd rightfully been accused of ignoring (as compared to waterfowl).

The ARP woodcock position had been filled by Bill Russell, who had previously worked in the Bird Banding Laboratory. The position was located in the vicinity of Orono, where the University of Maine was. Considerable woodcock research work had been done by both graduate students and faculty members there. Meanwhile Eldon Clark's work at Moosehorn NWR would continue. For a number of reasons, work at the new Maine field station did not proceed as hoped, and Bill decided to resign and soon joined the faculty of a local liberal arts college.

Later, I hired a young promising Maine graduate, Bill Krohn. I recall that in our pre-employment interview, Bill, in answer to my question, said that his career objective was to someday become leader of the Maine Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit. For many years he held that position. The Maine unit is now among the most prestigious in the nation.

Meanwhile, in Arizona, Lytle Blankenship was also studying mourning doves and band-tailed pigeons, again focusing on populations survey procedures, age and sex determinations, banding, and hunting activities. Lytle was a soft-spoken, superb researcher. The question of dove harvest in Mexico was

poorly understood so Lytle and I undertook an analysis of mourning dove band recoveries from Mexico. Trips to Tucson were always most enjoyable and our field travels exposed me to new migratory bird species (notably the “mysterious” band-tailed pigeon, habitats, hunting and harvest situation). Lytle had a broad interest and competence in all things “wildlife”, and I was not too surprised that about two years later he indicated that he wished to resign from FWS in order to undertake big game studies in Africa. His work there focused on finding economical incentives that would encourage Africans to husband their wildlife resources for posterity. Lytle later led expeditions to Africa, in order to familiarize Americans with the perils faced by wildlife in Africa, later returned to the U.S. as leader of a Texas A & M field station in Uvalde. With his later election as President of The Wildlife Society, Lytle achieved one of the highest recognitions possible in our profession.

Mourning Dove Trapping and Swimming Competitions in Seymour, Indiana

But back to mourning trapping and banding for a moment. One day while discussing mourning dove banding, Chuck Kniffin mentioned the immense number of doves present in the Seymour, Indiana, area. Chuck had trapped many there, on the runways of an abandoned WW II airfield, using traps of his design. The thought occurred, wouldn't the uniform concrete runways be a splendid place to test various trap designs and foods suitable for attracting trap baits?

Consequently, in the early summer of 1969, we mounted a large trapping experiment to evaluate various trap designs and baits. Chuck secured Regional Office approval to participate, Spencer came over from South Carolina, and Jim Ruos and a summer intern from Patuxent accompanied me. Few times had I ever seen so many doves as at Seymour. Chuck was a superb photographer so he took many photos of various aspects of our field work. At the time, the species was not being hunted in the state. In summary, we banded many, many doves, found the Kniffin trap superior to other designs tested, and tested which foods were preferred by doves. We also did a great deal of soaking, swimming and relaxing in the swimming pool at the Seymour Holiday Inn.

The later requires explanation. Dove trapping is best accomplished in the mornings and evenings when most doves feed. Consequently, we had to be checking traps not long after sunrise, and again before sunset. We also checked them at midway to insure that trapped doves were not unduly exposed to heat. During the intervals we returned to the motel, to prepare field notes and swim. Because two of our vehicles bore U.S. government license plates and decals (for law enforcement purposes, Chuck had state plates on his unmarked vehicle), we made sure that the motel staff understood our research project and the nature of our field schedule. We did likewise with motel guests at the pool. We surely didn't want them to falsely conclude that the federal government was funding a “swimming vacation” for some of its employees and wives. Chuck's wife, Patty, and Spencer's wife, Marcene, were unpaid volunteers in the trapping experiment.

During our wet interludes, Chuck sometimes challenged our intern, whom I'll call Fred, to underwater swimming competition, using numbers of laps across the pool. Early on, Fred announced that he'd been on his high school swim team. The contest between the two began innocently enough with each doing 4-5 laps under water. But at each interlude, Chuck raised the ante by an additional lap. It began to get exciting and we eagerly awaited the next bout. Chuck kept his number of laps and Fred valiantly tried but found it increasing more difficult to compete. He finally had to throw in the towel, literally and figuratively. But not before asking Chuck, “Mr. Kniffin, where did you learn to swim so well?” Chuck quietly replied, “When in the Navy, I taught swimming to naval recruits for 6 years.” I knew of this and very wisely didn't get involved in the competition. Also, Chuck was a physical faddist and skipped rope a half-hour daily. Fred watched these sessions in amazement, one time saying, “Mr. Kniffin, you must be

doing a skip a second, 60 per minute!” Chuck, without breaking stride, replied, “No, I think about 65 or 70. Time me.” As I recall, his pace was about 65 per minute.

After a shower, Chuck was ready for refreshments, his choice being a dry martini. Two was even better. In the meantime most of us had a beer or two. I don’t recall whether our last trap run was before or after refreshment time.

Implementing the New ARP Program

In implementing the ARP program, we assembled an advisory committee composed of leading dove, woodcock, snipe, and rail experts (there were precious few of the later two) from the ranks of FWS and state conservation agencies, plus a few university folks. This committee reviewed proposals that had first been submitted to the respective dove management unit technical committees, evaluated by them, and forwarded to the national committee for final selection. We met annually at various locations, often in conjunction with meetings of regional wildlife association meetings or at Patuxent for the purpose of reviewing, evaluating, and selecting research projects being proposed for funding under ARP. In later years, some were proposed extensions of studies already underway. The committee had to be watchful that the proposed research simply did not replace that already being done independently by state agencies. Very few such duplicative proposals ever reached the committee.

In many cases, ARP funding was simply “seed” money for more costly research projects. In a sense, it “leveraged” and encouraged additional research that otherwise would not have been undertaken. Then program seemed to work quite well after a few kinks had been worked out and procedures agreed upon.

Contracts were issued for each approved research proposal, specifying the purpose of the contract and its dollar value. Only state conservation agencies were to receive ARP funds, however states could subcontract to a university through its graduate program to undertake the actual research. We had to be particularly watchful that university subcontracts did not include an excessive charge for “administration or processing” costs. Such institutions normally made such charges to cover normal costs but when overhead claims were excessive (30-40 percent!), we disputed the reimbursement claims and unofficially disqualified certain schools from participation. Universities sometimes found that they could lower such costs. In this manner, ARP was able to support a larger number of graduate programs which in turn led to the development of more research and eventually more leading authorities on these species.

Supervising the ARP program required considerable travel to all part of the country, and informal meetings with many state biologists, graduate students, and their advisors, many of which became friends, often close friends. Some in FWS thought that the ARP program should have been handled by the Division of Federal Aid that administered proceeds from the Pittman-Robertson (PR, for wildlife) and Dingle-Johnson (DJ, for fisheries) programs. While Federal Aid did a fine job with these programs, the ARP program, as established by Congress, had more explicit objectives, species-wise, lacked the cost-sharing requirements of PR, and had more flexibility. Personally, I thought that the ARP was quite efficient and productive in terms of research accomplished. Several professional papers have been published, based on ARP research.

After my assignment to other tasks, Duncan MacDonald, of the New Mexico Department, was hired to administer the program. He was subsequently followed by Dick Coon.

Establishing Webless Bird Hunting Regulations

An important part of my duties at Patuxent involved development of the annual hunting regulations for the migratory webless species, as we came to describe the doves and pigeons, rails, snipe, and woodcock (as differentiated from the webbed species, the waterfowl). Jim Ruos supervised the annual nationwide call count (sometimes called coo count) surveys that had been run several years on a randomized bases following pioneering work in their development begun in the southeast. Eldon Clark, who transferred into the woodcock position at Patuxent from Moosehorn NWR did similar for woodcock (these were called singing-ground surveys). At that time we had no other operations surveys for other species, and their status was largely based on anecdotal information from various authorities in the field, banding information, and what little we knew of their harvests and harvest rates.

Hunting Regulations Process

In the mid to late 1960s, the final season regulations recommendations were made to the Director, FWS, and ultimately, the Secretary, U. S. Department of Interior by the Service's Regulations Committee. The final regulations were published in the *Federal Register*. I thought the process to be quite deliberative, but little did I know what the National Environmental Policy Act would bring!

The Service's Regulations Committee in the 1960s had a makeup of both FWS and non-governmental wildlife-oriented organizations such as the National Audubon Society, the Wildlife Management Institute, the National (later, International) Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, etc. These non-governmental representatives contributed many insights and reactions, sometimes resulting in discussions, and ultimately heated arguments. In the end, reluctant compromise always prevailed. I recall that John Baker of National Audubon always had much to say, especially about dove and waterfowl hunting. Whoever represented the Wildlife Management Institute always assumed a reasoned, assuring, tempering position. Service members of the Regs Committee changed over the years, but usually included each regional director (accompanied by his "technical" staff representative for migratory birds, who was not a member) and key Washington office folks (usually associate directors for management, and research), management and enforcement (law enforcement), wildlife refuges, public affairs, someone from the Solicitor's Office, etc. Later, only federal employees made up the Regs Committee. This change may have been prompted by the National Environmental Procedure Act (NEPA).

Each year, just prior to the Regs Committee meeting, the Branch of Management and Enforcement staff (later Migratory Bird Population Station staff; still later, Office of Migratory Bird Management), including the flyway representatives and key field staff, met to review biological aspects of population and habitat surveys and related information, such as from banding and harvest surveys. Such meetings lasted no more than one day.

Typically, the Regs Committee met twice annually, first in June to consider information relating to the early seasons (seasons generally opening early, in September, for the "webless" species) and in late July for the "webbed" species, waterfowl, for seasons opening in October or later. In each case, following the opening of the Regs Committee, staff biologists reviewed the results of population and habitat surveys and other pertinent information, plus a review of the past season's regulations and any problems that may have arisen. The meeting was then open to questions of staff and discussions, usually lengthy for important issues. From these, recommendations were made for the Director and ultimately the Secretary of the Interior for finalization. Usually the Regs Committee meetings fell on Sunday because the public meetings were usually scheduled for a Monday. They were held in the Interior Building, lacking air condition.

On Monday, the Public Hearing was convened in the Department of Interior's spacious auditorium, on the ground floor near the front entrance. Attendees included the National (later, International) Association of Fish and Game Commissioners, Flyway Councils, various technical committees, non-governmental groups such as National Audubon, the Wildlife Management Institute, Defenders of Wildlife, etc. Media representatives, usually outdoor or sport writers, were often present.

Following the welcoming remarks, FWS staff presented summaries of biological information from various surveys, and the chief of the office conducting the surveys or his staff (in later years, me) reviewed the regulations being proposed for the forthcoming season, with emphasis on changes and rationales from the past year. Various groups made brief statements and questions and comments from the floor were then invited, and responded to by the staff that was best qualified to do so. I should again note that the Interior auditorium lacked air conditioning, and the ventilation was poor, making for a stifling situation, particularly during the late July session when Washington was hot and humid. This meeting was attended by perhaps 50-70 people prior to the advent of NEPA. It usually concluded in the afternoon.

The Regs Committee re-assembled immediately thereafter. It then reviewed comments and recommendations made at the Public Hearing and finalized the recommendations. Usually the changes, when made, were relatively minor. The recommendations were then put into proper format for publication in the *Federal Register* (my responsibility), with a provision for a public comment period. At the close of the public comment period, all comments properly received (written and received within the period) were considered, and changes, if any, were made in the proposed regulations.

The proposed regulations were then routed (actually hand-carried in most cases) for approval (signature), commencing with the lowest ranking FWS individual and ending with the Secretary of the Interior, or his acting subordinate (later, the FWS Director was given the authority to finalize the regulations). At the time I was involved in the process, upwards of 14 signatures were required. The routing schedule was always arranged by phone so that each signatory knew about when it would hit his desk. Many of the signatories had participated in earlier meetings and understood the regulations being proposed. Others simply signed the document, pro forma, without reading, simply on the spot. Sometimes the signatories asked a few questions about specific items.

Significantly, neither the Director nor Secretary ever signed "on the spot". Both had been briefed on the proposed changes. In the case of the Director and the Secretary, the circulating document was always left with his (always males during my tenure) Secretary and we were told when we could retrieve it, signed (usually in a few hours, occasionally the next morning). Surprisingly, the complicated process went quite well, with everyone cooperating very well under rigid time constraints. Occasionally the document was "signed" when we knew that the official was not present. It was generally known that higher officials had access to signature "machines" that by use of a template and mechanical pen could produce a facsimile signature. The machine was kept under lock and key and its use carefully documented by a personal secretary. Immense responsibilities, generally unrecognized, fell upon these chosen and trusted few. They often kept the office functioning.

The finalized regulations document was the hand-carried to the Office of the Federal Register, where it was composed and printed overnight. I cannot envision the stress that this involved. It must have been living hell. In the meantime, the Office of Public Affairs issued press releases so that everyone had access to the newly proclaimed hunting regulations for the year.

My trusted regulations assistant, Leonore Gooding, usually handled the routing process, including the actual hand-carrying, but I sometimes participated too. Often I was involved with unforeseen problems and details at the same time. Always, last minute matters arose that required immediate attention.

The same generally process was followed for both the “early” and “late” season regulations. It was with immense, indescribable relief when each annual regulations setting schedule was concluded. I had partial involvement in the process for about two years (along with John P. Rogers, OMBM chief) and following my relocation downtown to D.C. for seven more. While I found the various discussions interesting, I hated the tight deadlines, long hours, and stress associated with them. It was truly enough to drive one to drink.

Section of Migratory Game Bird Studies, Chief

One day Walt asked if I’d be interested in also taking on the duties of supervising the waterfowl studies underway at the Migratory Bird Populations Station (MBPS). The additional waterfowl duties would be akin to those in the Section of Migratory Shore and Upland Game Birds, with a few other aspects. In the former Section of Waterfowl Studies were Charles (Chuck) Kacsynski (Kimball), Lonnie Schroeder, Mike Sorenson, and Chuck Henny. A couple of well qualified biologists, David R. Anderson, and Rick (Dick) Pospahala, both from Colorado State University, were hired to augment the staff. MBPS was growing in response to increasing waterfowl programs and problems. Further, with computers beginning to play a much greater role in data analysis, it was essential that the staff grow accordingly. Both Anderson and Pospahala had computer expertise as well as fine statistical backgrounds. After being more or less in the doldrums for some time, computers made possible the development and application of much improved statistical means of analyzing data. Various states were also beginning to employ computers more, and a few were beginning to hire very capable statisticians. We had to be on the crest of the wave.

Anderson was brilliant. Not only was his statistical thinking far into the future, but he had a remarkable capability to express very complex statistical matters in terms that they were readily grasped. The Service would later capitalize on his abilities. I understood that although Dave had only a Master’s at that time, he wished to pursue a doctorate, and he had more or less been assured of FWS in achieving it if it was also in the Service’s interest. This was the genesis of “The Mallard Study”.

The Mallard Study: Origins of my Love-Hate Relationship with the Computer

Many studies had shown that the mallard was the most abundant duck in North America, and more were hunted and killed every year than any other species. The species was widely distributed, was important in Canada and in all flyways, and considerable research had been done on it. But no one had examined the immense amount of accumulated mallard banding data, except on a nationwide and international basis.

Hunting regulations were more or less constructed around “dabblers” such as the mallard and a few others such as the pintail, widgeon, gadwall, and teal (green-wings and blue-wings) and the “divers”, such as the two scaup, canvasback, and redhead. With the possible exception of the scaup, all the named species reproduced on the prairies and parklands. These wetlands had and were currently still being lost to agriculture by drainage and other forms of habitat destruction and degradation. But surprisingly little was really know about the population dynamics of the mallard.

The Mallard Study was planned to explore the unknowns. It would be an extremely important undertaking. Both Walt and Al thought that the Mallard Study could serve two purposes: 1. fulfill FWS’s interests; and 2. a portion of it could serve Dave’s academic interests as well. It was mutually agreed that Dave would remain on full employment, but that he would use his own time in his specialized graduate

studies. Dave decided to enroll at the nearby University of Maryland campus at College Park for graduate work, with Dr. Vagn Flyger as his primary advisor. I knew Vagn as a fellow member of the Washington Biologists Field Club. His main personal research interest was in the behavior and population dynamics of eastern gray squirrels, and his work included those residing in Washington, D.C. parks.

Many of Dave's classes were during work hours. He more than compensated by the extraordinary hours he worked in evenings and weekends. Every time I went to Patuxent during such hours, Dave was almost without exception in his office busily engaged. I well recall making the point with him that work was not everything in life and that one should take breaks along the way to smell the roses. Besides, one had a family to love and cherish. Later Dave's marriage ended in divorce, and I hope that the work on the Mallard Study did not contribute.

I had some real reservations about my personal involvement and responsibility in the study, but soon recognized that Dave had supervisory talents, was an excellent planner and organizer, and was one that wanted to get things done. I concluded also that he could handle the day to day direction of work quite well, and that my role would be in areas of support and coordination, particularly with other MBPS entities such as the Section of Harvest Surveys, the Bird Banding Laboratory, and Electronic Data Processing (EDP). But I'm getting ahead of myself.

To keep abreast of the technical aspects of the Mallard Study, much more knowledge of the complexities and intricacies of computer processing, particularly of the various languages being developed, such as Basic, Fortran, and Cobal was required. Each individual languages had strengths and weaknesses depending upon their applications; one might be best for one analytical need, another for some other need. Likewise, computers were in a rapid state of improvement. Both computers and programming languages were being rapidly improved and modified. One could spend almost full time, as some programmers surely did, in keeping abreast of fast moving computer developments. Besides we were employing computer programmers whose very job was to do this sort of thing. I should note that David's extraordinary brilliance sometimes enabled him to surpass the computer capabilities of some of our programmers in EDP.

Further, my main interests were in the larger picture of North American migratory birds than simply in the population dynamics of the mallard. There were other concerns out there: loss and degradation of habitat, pesticides and pollution, hunter behavior, social and cultural aspects, etc., all of which interested me. Besides, the Service still was not giving adequate attention to the most harvested North American game bird of all, the mourning dove. I felt that I could assist in this regard. But, I must confess that the main reason I did not get actively involved in the complicated computer issues was because I just didn't understand the technology. Even today I am not comfortable with computers.

I sensed that Dave was sometimes disappointed that I wasn't more fully engaged in the Mallard Study. On the other hand it was clear to me that the study was in good hands, and that there was urgent or important work to be done elsewhere.

Over the years, the Mallard Study was completed and a series of definitive reports were issued. The means for analyzing data was improved and the population dynamics for the mallard became better known. These reports theoretically improved management of mallard, particularly in regards to hunting. Many of the findings, by extrapolation, were applied to other species of waterfowl and to a lesser degree, other migratory game birds. And Dave earned his Ph.D., giving him the academic recognition he so deserved.

During the remainder of his career, Dave shared his perceptions and insights with fellow professionals, often with those whose interests were in other forms of wildlife. By his many publications, workshop presentations, and informal discussions he informed and inspired others. He was a magnificent educator. Dave eventually moved on to become leader of the Utah Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit, replacing my mentor, Dr. Jess Low, and later still, to become Leader of the Colorado Wildlife Research Unit, Dave's alma mater. Upon retiring, Dave established a consulting business that focused on statistical applications in wildlife and the environment. He was later presented with the Aldo Leopold Award by The Wildlife Society, the highest honor bestowed in the wildlife profession. It was richly deserved. I feel honored in having been involved in a rather minor way with his accomplishments.

Washington: The View from the 7th Floor, Historical Coincidences

During the late 1970s and early 1980s, following our "eviction" from the Interior Building (in order to permit expansion of the departmental library), the Office of Migratory Bird Management (OMBM) was moved to the seventh floor of the Atomic Building, 1717 H. St. NW. This privately owned building was formerly home to the old Atomic Energy Commission, hence its name. While my office lacked a view (window), those of Dr. John Rogers, Chief, and George Brakhage, Assistant Chief, had unobstructed views northward.

Several years ago I read a biography about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. of the illustrious Massachusetts family. Justice Holmes' father was famous in his own right as a medical doctor, poet, literary figure, and founder of *The Atlantic Magazine*.

The younger Holmes served on the Supreme Court until 90 years old. He was known for his prolific and almost literary court opinions, and became one of the illustrious Supreme Court Justices of all time. Atop all this, he was a distinguished military hero, having been wound three times during the Civil War, one time being at Ball's Bluff just south of the Potomac, a few miles from Washington. Holmes knew that he was a man of destiny, and following his death, two of his bloodied uniforms were found hanging in his closet, and two balls removed from his wounds were found carefully preserved in small bottles in his belongings.

The validity of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, and indeed the treaty itself, finally reached the Supreme Court in 1918. It fell to Holmes to write the majority opinion sustaining the treaty. Holmes' oft-quoted opinion stated:

"But for the treaty and the statute, there soon might be no birds for any powers to deal with. We see nothing in the Constitution that compels the government to sit by while a food supply is being cut off and the protection of our forests and our crops are destroyed. It is not sufficient to rely upon the States. The reliance is in vain, and were it otherwise, the question is whether the United States is forbidden to act. We are of the opinion the treaty and statute must be upheld." *Crusade for Wildlife* by Trefethen 1961:173-174.

So what does this have to do with the Office of Migratory Bird Management? Within the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the OMBM was the organizational unit designated to carry out the biological provisions of the MBTA, including the promulgation of the annual hunting regulations. The Division of Law Enforcement handled the so-called "basic" hunting regulations relating to the permissible means of taking migratory birds for hunting and other purposes, permits, and the enforcement of all hunting regulations.

Secondly, by sheer coincidence while reading of Holmes Jr., I found that while serving on the Court, he lived at 1720 "Eye" (I) Street. In Washington, streets to the north of east-west are named alphabetical,

and those west of North Capitol Street are numerically designated. Thus "Eye" Street was one block north of H Street and 1720 (even number) would be on the south side of "Eye". By being an odd number (1717), this would place the OMBM Office and former location of Holmes' residence not only in the same block but separated only by a narrow alley.

Holmes' biography goes on to describe the functioning of the Supreme Court at the time. Its present majestic building to the east of the Capitol was not built until the federal building boom of the 1930s. Prior to that, the Supreme Court held its public sessions in the Capitol Building itself. However the justices usually did their legal work at home, including the writing of opinions. Their law clerks also worked in the justice's homes. Thus it seems quite likely that Holmes' MBTA opinion was written but a few feet from our office building. I am not aware that anyone in OMBM at the time realized the physical relationships between Holmes' home (and office) and ours.

One could speculate further about Holmes. Except during inclement weather, Holmes walked to the court sessions held in Capitol, no doubt accompanied by a law clerk(s) who probably carried his papers. The most direct route would be past the White House onto Pennsylvania Avenue running east south-east to the Hill. In 1918, Woodrow Wilson was President. A bit further, on Pennsylvania stood The Willard, one of Washington's most historic and prestigious hotels. In earlier days, The Willard, like other eating establishments served dinners and hosted banquets for special occasions at which migratory birds were frequently served. But not after the Holmes' Supreme Court decision in 1918.

Farther eastward along Pennsylvania Ave. to the south side was the Center Market, for decades Washington's largest public market, where every imaginable food was available. Being a tide-water city, the produce of the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay, offered a profusion of products in season. Among the delectables were fish (notably striped bass, bluefish, and shad), blue-point crabs, oysters, terrapins, and waterfowl and shorebirds. Of these, the canvasback reigned supreme. Until 1918 that is.

Time for Retirement

My final seven years of FWS employment were focused on preparation of *Federal Register* hunting regulations. Without the help of Leonore Gooding, I doubt if I could have managed the job. I hated the daily commute, but my car pool companions made it bearable. I hated the tight deadlines and deeply regretted that the family could no longer take summer vacations. While at home, I spent more time working with wood and building furniture. I was more than ready for new challenges and the freedom of retirement.

I planned to first build a new home in Oregon, and then to spent time at the Oregon State library. I didn't expect to research about moose, pronghorns or write about a seventeen century Codex. I continued to write but I also spent considerable time making furniture and duck decoys. In between these activities, I found time to hunt and fish with long-time friends.

PART II:

RECOLLECTIONS AFTER RETIREMENT

1983 to 2013

By Henry M. Reeves

Henry M. Reeves was 56 years old when retired from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service on March 31, 1983. During the next thirty years he continued to research, write, make furniture and decoys, participate in land use issues, hunt and fish. He corresponded and kept in touch with his former colleagues and friends. He had planned what he wanted to do after retirement and fortunately had good health (except for a heart attack and five way bypass surgery at age 62) to complete much of what he planned to do.

First, he moved to Amity, Oregon, purchased an eight acres abandoned cherry orchard and began construction of our new home. I remained in Laurel to pack and sell our house.

Five years after the move, the Amity house was built. Almost all construction was done by Milt with lots of help from Marilyn and family.

He enjoyed several hunting and fishing trips but primarily he began to research and write. He became particular interested in historical accounts of early natural history pioneers. He wrote chapters for several Wildlife Management books, published obituaries for colleagues in major journals, and co-published Chico, George, the Birds and Me. More information about his writings is in these "Recollections" and in his resume.

He also did extensive research for three books that he did not finish. One describes the business of market hunting and selling wild birds: one documents the U.S. Presidents who hunted or fished: and the last describes different types of decoys, traps and lures historically used to capture waterfowl.

His field studies, manuscripts, and other papers are in the Collections and Archives of the Merrill-Cazier Library at Utah State University. His extensive collection of books was donated to the Quinney Natural Resources Library at Utah State University.

Prior to his death, Milt had prepared Recollections describing some of his work after retirement. I have organized, and added some sections, using italics font for my additions.

By Marilyn B. Reeves, August 2013

Building a New Home

The first and most important task after I retired in 1983 was to move to the Willamette Valley to build a new home near Amity in Yamhill County, Oregon. I looked forward to this challenge, knowing that at the end of the day I could see the tangible results of my labor. Frankly, I was tired of spending my time inside an office.

While we did not have a specific house plan, after reviewing dozens of plans in books, we found one that met our needs, but, then, we made so many changes I had to redraw the plans. The house is about 2400 square feet, ranch style, with a walkout basement, all built for energy efficiency. I used cedar siding, and roof shakes with lots of wood throughout the interior. The first tasks would be to have a driveway constructed, well dug, septic installed, and garage built to store building tools and supplies. The eight acre lot was an abandoned cherry orchard located on a hill overlooking Amity. I hired help to lay out footings, complete all concrete and sheetrock. With help from Marilyn and family, it took me five years and we moved into our new home in 1988.

I particularly enjoyed all the interior work using variety of woods and making all cabinets, installing oak flooring, and walnut paneling in some rooms. After thirty years it has aged well, and truly met our needs.



Cascadia Intarsio

Flyways

Not all my FWS work was completed when I retired and one project, the *Flyways* book, required some of my time before it was published in 1984. In addition to serving on the Editorial Board my specific contributions to the book are listed in the Table of Contents.

To put this into historical context, back in 1964, the Fish and Wildlife Service published a large attractive book titled *Waterfowl Tomorrow*. The book became very popular and ranked high on the list of publications about North American Waterfowl and their values for sporting, cultural, history, and ecology and environments. Although I knew many of the chapter contributors, I had no role in the book's preparation.

In the 1970s, it became apparent that another federal waterfowl book was necessary. This one, eventually titled *Flyways*, focused on the historical evolution and development of North American waterfowl management and research since about 1886, the year that the American Ornithologists' Union was established. Since signing of the U.S.- Canada international bird Migratory Bird Protection Treaty in 1916, waterfowl management had been a cooperative effort largely involving Canada and the United States, and Mexico, and the various States and Provincial conservation agencies, and conservation oriented non-governmental groups such as the Audubon Society and the Wildlife Management Institute. Urgency was of importance as the pioneers advanced in age and died, taking their historical remembrances with them, and some of their files became lost.

Arthur S. Hawkins, senior of the four Flyway Representatives was asked to lead the group of editors. Art had long been associated with the Mississippi Flyway, traveled it widely, and knew virtually all the leading waterfowl workers. Art had been a student of Aldo Leopold at the University of Wisconsin and had worked with Frank Bellrose, Illinois Natural History Survey, often regarded as the Father of Waterfowl Management. He also knew the Canadian Prairie Pothole Region of SW Manitoba, S Saskatchewan, and SE Alberta and the many of the waterfowl research/manager biologists working there. He was friends with Al Hochbaum of the Delta Waterfowl Research Station where dozens of perspective graduate college students conducted field studies, reached important findings, and published them in professional outlets.

Naturally I was pleased, indeed honored, to be asked to become a member of the four-person editorial board. The other members were Rossalius (Ross) Hansen, Flyway Pilot-Biologist, and Harvey K. Nelson who represented the Washington Office. Each of us was asked to write of particular subjects more or less of our choosing. As importantly, we invited others involved somehow in waterfowl management to write of their own experiences. Overall, some contributors participated in the collaborative effort. *Flyways* soon became an important contribution to the history of North American waterfowl management.

Ecology and Management of the Mourning Dove

One day I got a call from Dr. Tom Baskett, Chief of Research for the Fish and Wildlife Service. He said that the Wildlife Management Institute (WMI) had agreed to push a monograph on the Mourning Dove. Tom and his contributing authors planned to prepare a manuscript and accompanying illustrations. Tom selected several dove experts, and I felt privileged to be in the company of 31 federal/state authors/editors who had worked with various aspects of the species. My contributions related to Chapter 2a *Historical Perspectives*, by Reeves and McCabe; Chapter 19. *Population Characteristics and Trends in the Western Management Unit* by Reeves, Roy E. Tomlinson, and James C. Bartonek; and *Mourning Dove Hunting Regulations* by Reeves.

In the way of background, the annual U.S. dove harvest regularly exceeds the total of all waterfowl species combined. Some States and Provinces prohibited the hunting of doves while in other areas, the dove was an extremely important game bird. Rather oddly, relatively little research and management effort had occurred, given the importance of the species.

The book was published in 1993 by Stackpole Books. It has 568 pages, 73 figures, and hundreds of literature citations. It continues to reign as the premier monograph of the species. I was pleased to contribute to this award winning book. As a result of my interest in historical perspectives (Chapter 2) this was the first of many other opportunities to work with Richard E. McCabe on other books.

Wood Duck Symposium

In the way of background, the beautiful wood duck is distinctly American in distribution with most of its original range being the forested eastern U.S. Clearly, its future rested in our hands. In the late 1920s and 1930s, there was fear that the species was headed for extinction. Hunting was prohibited and over time the population recovered. Also, after it was learned that the tree-nesting species readily adapted to man-made and erected nesting wooden boxes, nesting success improved greatly. Assisting the Wood Duck's recovery was its naturally large clutch of eggs.

Sporadically researchers and waterfowl managers would hold a symposium to discuss the wood duck. I learned that a Wood Duck symposium, was scheduled for January, 1990 in St. Louis, Mo. Leigh Fredrickson of the Gaylord Waterfowl Research Laboratory in Puxico, Mo. had assembled several panels of Wood Duck specialists to review and discuss the work being done on the species along with its research needs.

One day Leigh called, asking whether I might prepare an introductory chapter that would review the natural history of the Wood Duck and its relationship to American culture. Fortunately, I had most of the needed references in hand, including much art and scientific illustrations depicting the species. Of course, I'd like to participate in the symposium. The large meeting would afford me an opportunity to see many old friends, and I was also able to meet Lawton Shurtleff (as well as his wife, Anneke) for the first time.

Lawton asked whether he might take me to lunch aboard the grand Mississippi River Paddlewheel named the Delta Queen, at dockside. We had a fine luncheon, which Lawton paid for by credit-card. He then sought out a taxi to return us to the conference hotel. To his great chagrin, Lawton (obviously very wealthy) found that he had no cash in his wallet and that taxicab drivers were then unable to accept credit cards. Might he borrow \$5.00 from me? Certainly, I said and the financial crisis was averted. Many times thereafter Lawton reminded me of what to him was a very embarrassing moment. To me, it was humorous.

The large conference was dedicated to Frank Bellrose, who had conducted much work on the species and was the instigator of what would be an extensive waterfowl nesting box program. I mentioned to Larry Frederickson that I had a large full color illustration of a Wood Duck. I had framed this in a wormy chestnut frame and it was given to Frank much to his surprise and humble appreciation.

North American Moose

Following publication of the *Ecology and Management of the Mourning Dove*, Dick McCabe contacted me asking whether I might work with him on the first chapter of a somewhat similar book on the North American Moose. He recognized that my primary interest was in migratory birds, but hadn't I already examined a lot of information on moose? Of course I had and this would be another opportunity to work

again with him on another WMI book. The compilers and editors were to be Albert W. Franzmann and Charles C. Schwartz, both then located in Alaska. Again many authorities would be involved in the writing. The huge undertaking culminated in the *Ecology and Management of the North American Moose*, published in 1998 by the prestigious Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C.. Seventeen authors/editors contributed to the 19 chapters, 236 figures, 65 tables, and hundreds of information sources. A special feature was 18 pages of superb color photographs depicting the moose in its extensive and varied habitats.

The book was widely acclaimed and in 2005, the Moose book was republished by the University of Colorado Press. Dick McCabe and I worked together on Chapter 1, *Of Moose and Man*, which traces the fascinating role of the Moose in North American culture and history. That chapter covered 75 of the 733 pages in the book. One reviewer, Nancy Bent of [Booklist](#), wrote “The opening chapter Of Moose and Man holds one’s interest so well that most people will end up reading it instead of skimming this massive text.”

Prairie Ghost

But that was not to be the end of mammalian subjects. In the early 1900s, Dick McCabe informed me that WMI was planning to publish yet another book, this one on the unique North American pronghorn (antelope). He asked if I would have time to assist. Dick confided that it had long been his favorite big game species and he collected source material, photographs, etc. about the species.

Although I’d seen many pronghorns over the years, and had once shot one in northwestern South Dakota in the early 1960s, I surely was not an authority on this interesting animal. But I knew that it was of enormous importance in pre-Columbian North America and later to early western exploration and settlement. Numerically, its population was thought to have been exceeded only by the bison or buffalo. I knew that that this would require a deal of my time that would be equal to, if not exceed, that required in writing Chapter 1 of the Moose book.

In writing our introductory chapter, Bart W. O’Gara would join us. Bart was well known for his wildlife research work on African big game animals as well as North American species. Also, he had retired from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service as Leader, Montana Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit located at Montana State University, Missoula. Together we produced a well-illustrated historical review of the pronghorn. Unfortunately, our contribution was so large that it was determined that the entire book manuscript could not possibly fit within a single cover. Something had to give. Finally it was decided that our manuscript would be published as a “stand alone” but still closely allied with the main monograph. This also enabled the addition of a fine series of 14 full color paintings by notable American artists such as Audubon, Bierstaedt, Moran, Russell, and others. Our book was aptly called *Prairie Ghost*.

In 2004 the book was published by the University Press of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. as *Prairie Ghost, Pronghorn and Human Interaction in Early America*. It contains 169 pages, including 17 numbered illustrations plus many unnumbered ones, 17 tables, and hundreds of literature citations. In June, 2005 we were informed by The Wildlife Society that the *Prairie Ghost* had been selected for the [Wildlife Publications Award – Outstanding Book Category](#). The work garnered several complementary reviews. Reviewer Dr. C. Stuart Houston noted in the *Canadian Field Naturalist* “This scholarly book belongs in major libraries. It would make a perfect gift for anyone interested in history, geography, anthropology, or big game hunting on the plains.” Paul Schullery noted in his review in *Montana Magazine of Western History*, “I recommend this book especially for the richness of its documentary voice and for its

historiographical exercises. The authors combed the scientific and historical literature for every tidbit of narrative and information.”

THE WILDLIFE SOCIETY

hereby recognizes

**Richard E. McCabe, B.W. O'Gara,
and H.M. Reeves**

for

Prairie Ghost: Pronghorn and Human Interaction in Early America
University Press of Colorado, Boulder

the outstanding publication in wildlife ecology and management in the



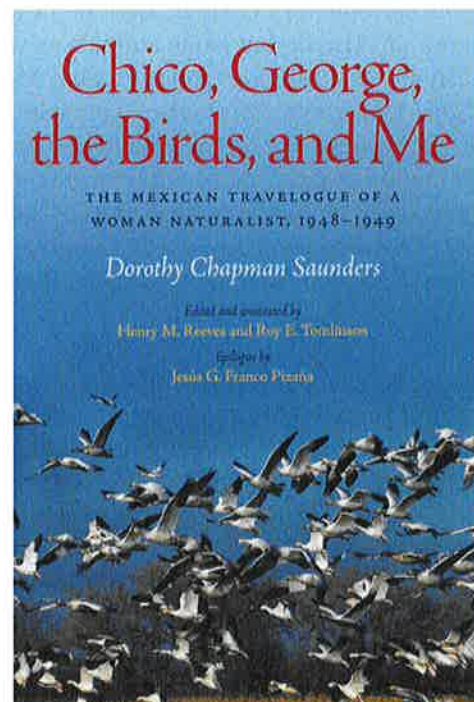
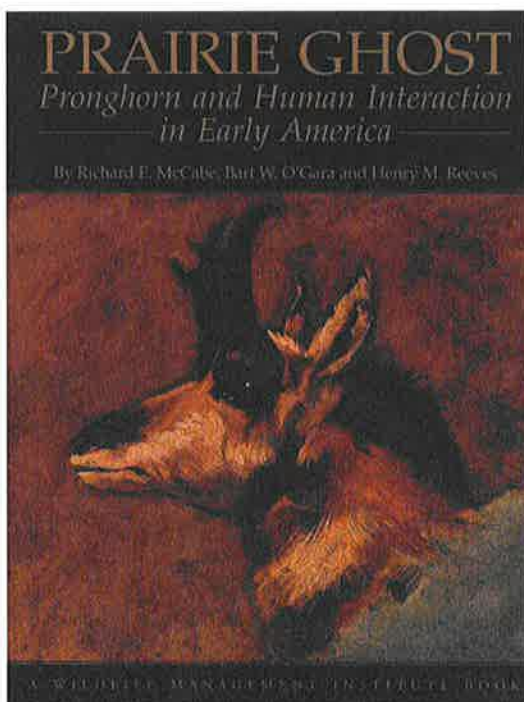
BOOK CATEGORY

Richard A. Loefer
President

September 26, 2005



I did not receive any compensation for my work on any of the Wildlife Management Institute books or for the book published by Texas A&M. For me, writing and research provided the opportunity to make the best use of my talents during my retirement.



Chico, George, the Birds, and Me

One sunny day, I received a large package containing a mysterious long narration typed by Dorothy C. Saunders, the wife of Dr. George C. Saunders, longtime U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service biologist who once lived in Brownsville, Texas. I heard much of George during our three years in the Lower Rio Grande Valley, Texas. George had been assigned to investigations of the White-winged Dove in south Texas and the Republic of Mexico. George was a graduate of the ornithological-renowned Cornell University, Ithaca, NY. A highlight of my Texas days was spending a day in the field with him. Thereafter for many years we corresponded by mail.

Even though I never met Dorothy, I continued to keep in touch with her, especially after George died in 2001. Dorothy was a top scientist in her field of aquatic botany and marine science. Her Ph.D. was from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

Subsequent correspondence revealed that she was about to toss the hand-typed onion skin copy of the manuscript, but on second thought, wondered if I might be interested in reading her story of a field trip that she and George had made in Mexico during 1948-49. I began reading a few pages, becoming totally engrossed, continued reading it that day and part of the next.

It was beautifully composed prose that not only describes their trip but also her knowledge and thoughts on Mexican culture and society, mostly focusing on the people they encountered. It was a snapshot in time. I concluded that this “diary” deserved to be published. However, Dorothy said it had just been written as a personal memoir and she questioned publishing it. I finally persuaded her to give me permission to explore some possible publication resources on her behalf.

I then contacted Roy Tomlinson, an old friend who had traveled widely in Mexico on various wildlife investigations over many years. I asked Roy whether he’d care to read Dorothy’s manuscript. He had a keen interest in seeing it and so I sent him a Xerox copy. I particularly avoided saying anything about its publication prospects.

In a few days, Roy replied that he had much enjoyed Dorothy’s tale and emphatically stated that it should be published. I was ecstatic and immediately proposed that together we pursue the opportunity. We agreed to do so, little knowing what we were getting into. We agreed that the manuscript was worthy of publication in a university press. Roy made many editorial improvements and prepared many of the colored photos from his files and also from George’s files.

The Preface to the book traces the above evolution that sporadically lurched ahead over the next four or five years. In summary, submittals at the University of California Berkeley Press and presses at the University of Arizona and the University of Texas were rejected. All found Dorothy’s manuscript of much interest but it was thought to reach a small audience and thus be unprofitable. In recent years, university presses have been subjected to dwindling budgets leading to fewer manuscripts being accepted. Also bear in mind that most accepted manuscripts are those proposed by professors, their graduates, and notable alumni.

“*Chico, George, the Birds and Me*” was finally published in 2008 by the Texas A&M Press. Unfortunately, Dorothy Saunders did not live to see her “diary” in print.

Neil Bien and His Legendary Wetlands

During my retirement, I also enjoyed several good hunting and fishing trips with good friends. Returning to South Dakota to hunt was very special.

While living in Aberdeen in the late 1950s, Jack Saunders and I became close friends. At the time he was in the Biology Department at Northern State College, just a few blocks to the west from where we lived. Jack had studied the Canada Lynx in Newfoundland for his Ph. D. dissertation at Cornell. We hunted together for many years, usually for pheasants but occasionally for waterfowl. Jack was also an avid conservationist. We kept in contact with each other over the years. After leaving Northern State College, he became chief lobbyist for higher education and he visited us at Laurel one time while attending a meeting in Washington.

In the late 1980s or early 90s Jack inquired whether I'd be interested in joining him on a duck hunting trip to northeastern South Dakota. We'd hunt and stay with one of his former Northern students, Neil Bien, whose family had a large ranch on the northern tip of the Prairie Couteau, a glacial formation of rolling prairie potholes that I had become so familiar with while in Aberdeen. I readily agreed and drove to Rapid City where he and his wife, Marilyn, also a Ph.D., had established a small consulting/training company that centered on conservation.

From Rapid City we drove to Aberdeen and the Bien Ranch. I immediately took a liking to Neil. He was an avid sportsman/conservationist, and had been honored at local, state, and national levels for his wetlands habitat conservation efforts. Neil and Muriel invited us to make our "headquarters" at the ranch and we shared meals with them. Jack and I hunted on some of Neil's many wetlands and on those of his neighbors. The ranch was chiefly in grasslands on which he ran several hundred livestock. His ranch, along with adjoining lands belonging to two brothers supposedly was the largest ranch in South Dakota east of the Missouri River. Neil managed the entire holdings as his brothers lived elsewhere. Jack and I had many fine hunts on the Bien Ranch over the next 4-5 years. Afterwards I kept in touch with the Bienes.

In about 2009, I had an astounding phone call from Neil. He told me that he was planning to set aside a tract of nearly pristine prairie pothole country and to name it in honor of a half-dozen friends, me included. Jack Saunders was also to be honored, as was Hal Duebbert, a long time friend who lived in Fergus Falls, Minn. Hal, too, had retired from the FWS after a distinguished career in prairie pothole management and research, the latter at the Northern Prairies Wildlife Research Center located in few miles east of Bismarck, North Dakota. Another honoree was David (Dave) Zentner of Duluth, Minn. Although I never met Dave, we corresponded on wetlands-waterfowl management activities in Minnesota. Art Hawkins introduced me to Dave. I quickly learned that he was an avid conservationist with much political savvy. He, Art, and many friends led to form a new state waterfowl/wetlands program. The action required a State referendum and it passed handily.

But back to Neil's project: Neil would mark the tract with a bronze plaque to be mounted on a large upright granite boulder that had been carried south during the Wisconsin Ice Age. The Wisconsin Ice Age was the last of four such Pleistocene ice sheets that had repeatedly covered Canada and the north central U.S, leaving rolling moraines containing many thousands, probably millions of lakes and smaller variously sized wetlands that provided breeding habitat for many species of North American waterfowl, both ducks and Canada geese. Neil quipped that a hundred years ago, the stone probably would have served as a "rubbing stone" by bison. Now it only relieves his livestock from skin irritations.

More than a year ago, I began wondering whether I had visited and delineated wetlands back in the 1960s on Neil's land for possible FWS purchase or easement. Several inquiries led me to a FWS biologist/manager who was responsible for Marshall County, in which the Bien Ranch is situated. Sure enough, I had seen the area on June 1 and 7, 1961 and given it a B+ acquisition suitability rating. It probably would have ranked higher if it had been imminently threatened from destruction by drainage or other adverse factors. I do not remember seeing the specific wetlands or having met a Bien family member during the 1962 survey.



In late summer, Neil had received the plaque and mounted it on the boulder. It is quite handsome and I am beyond words for Neil's thoughts and action. I am quite humbled, but proud to be among his close friends. A looming question is what does the future hold for the wetlands tract and the Bien Ranch. I hope that the ranch and wetlands may be perpetually protected for future generations.

Kessinger Publications

Several years ago, while searching library and book seller holdings for old, rare sporting books, I began to notice new reprints produced by Kessinger Publications. Further research led me to the company located in Whitefish, Montana. Their on-line catalog showed their reprints arranged by 28 categories, some of which list thousands of titles.

Not long before, I had gotten a microfilm copy of H. Clay Merritt's *The Shadow of a Gun*, 1904, and was pondering how to get it republished. At the time, World Cat listed only 13 known copies of this tome dedicated to the market (commercial) hunting business during its peak in the latter half of the 19th century. Merritt was an anomaly as he had a college degree (Williams College, Mass). At that time, most college graduates were destined for the church, medicine, law, politics or academia. Merritt's work is one of the very few books about market hunting, and in my view, the most valuable on the subject. Unfortunately, the rare book was very little known. It surely was deserving of republication as the market hunting business was large and touched upon sport hunting, equipment, ecology of the prairies and waterways where Merritt hunted, as well as economics, transportation, communication, and the invention of refrigeration.

Consequently, I called Roger and asked if he'd be interested in reprinting *The Shadow of a Gun*. Also I asked if he'd like a short introduction describing the importance of the work. Kessinger said that they published only facsimiles without explanatory additions but that he would consider one for *The Shadow of a Gun*, if I'd care to write one. Roger liked the manuscript with the introduction and asked if I had other old, rare sporting books which he could publish. Over two or three years, I assembled 30 rare or out of print natural history books that I believed deserved to be reprinted.

Our informal working agreement was that I'd provide a text suitable for scanning and the introductions. He informed me that he could not pay me or the copying cost. That was agreeable to me as I simply wanted the books to again become available at a reasonable cost. He asked me to supply the copied material in batches of 5-6 in order to facilitate his scheduling.

Roger explained to me that he would make the scanned and digitalized books, with my introduction available for sale as "Print to Order" (PTO) by placing requests with Amazon books and other book distributors. The customer usually received the PTO books by mail or special delivery within a week. I enjoyed our working relationship, which made these out of print books available. A list of the books that I submitted to Kessinger for publication by is shown in my resume.

***The Wood Duck and the Mandarin* by Lawton Shurtleff and Christopher Savage**

One evening back about 1990, I received a call from someone who identified himself as Lawton Shurtleff. To ensure that I got his name right, he asked that I write it down and spell it back. Now my curiosity was aroused. Lawton told me that he was writing a book about the Mandarins and Wood Ducks that nested on his ranch north of Santa Rosa, Calif. Whoa! I said that I wasn't aware that any free-living Mandarins had become established in North America as breeding. He assured me that he had 100-200 on various ponds on his obviously extensive ranch. The Mandarins shared the many ponds with like numbers of Wood Ducks. Both used nesting boxes affixed to trees and posts, with little display of antagonism to each other. The ducks had arrived naturally without any releases. Also, Lawton and his wife, Anneke, both capable photographers, had thousands of photos of both species. The two loosely related species occurred on opposite regions of the world. They are thought by most bird observers to be the most colorful of the world's species of waterfowl.

To shorten a long story, Lawton said that I had been recommended to him as a waterfowl biologist retired from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. He said that he had no waterfowl expertise other than his own observation. In response to my question, he said that he was trained as a metallurgist and later was associated (joint-owner, I later found out) with a hand tool manufacturing company (Torgeson).

Would I work with him in supplying or reviewing biological information? I weakened more out of curiosity than anything also and said that I'd assist him as it was convenient, and with no remuneration.

My initial gut-feeling was that Lawton's laudable project would never see the light of day. Over time I gained a very fine of appreciation for Lawton and his Dutch wife Anneke. I ended up visiting his ranch three times, twice with Marilyn, and enjoying their splendid hospitality and friendship.

Like Roy and me as we tried to find publishers for Dorothy Saunders diary, Lawton also had difficulty finding a publisher. He and I kept in contact throughout the whole process. One day he called, saying that he'd been asked to visit the University of California Berkeley and was also asked to bring his attorney along.

There he was ushered into a large room and confronted with a number of UC-B library officers. They told him that they had decided to publish his book, hence Lawton's attorney was needed for the review and signing of a formal publication contract. Inasmuch as the entire book was to be fully colored. Lawton reserved the right to select the printer and after researching printers, he traveled to Hong Kong and selected the one who met his criteria. In 1996, the 232 page fully colored book was published. It was widely acclaimed and many favorable reviews were written. It sold so well that it soon went into a second edition. Lawton learned that his book was the best-selling book for the University of California Press in 1996 for which he was given a special award.

I had no part in writing the book but served as a technical assistant and am named several places in the book and in the Acknowledgment. We kept in touch with each other during the following years (Lawton died in 2012 at age 94).

The Florentine Codex

One day while examining book stacks in the Oregon State University Library, a set of dark-reddish volumes caught my eye. The title was *The Florentine Codex*, by Anderson and Dibble (University of Utah Press: Salt Lake City, Utah). The enticing title prompted me to examine the books in more detail. The *Florentine Codex* was written by Franciscan missionary-priest Fr. Bernardino de Sahagun based on his large systematic survey of Aztecs surviving the Conquest of 1519-1521 by Hernando Cortez. Basically, the Codex is organized into 14 books, most of which dealt with specific subjects.

Book 11, Of Earthly Things described the natural history of the Aztec world, and including hundreds of birds, plants, fishes, amphibians, etc, accompanied by a small illustration and remarks on each in Nahuatl, the missionary language developed to further missionary efforts.

The account of the Codex, its conception, investigations, collation, and translation by Dibble and Anderson is fascinating, as is Sahagun and his monumental work, especially when considering that the Aztecs had no written language. Oddly to me, not one of my colleagues and acquaintances had ever heard of the *Florentine Codex* and very little about Fr. Sahagun. So I decided to write an article for a professional journal relating the history, contents, and significance of Aztec knowledge.

After preparing such a text, I submitted it to several American journals. To my utter amazement, not a single editor thought the subject worthy of publication, the usual reasons questioning its current importance. Some assumed that Spain had never contributed to science in the New World.

Totally disappointed and frustrated, I submitted the manuscript to the highly regarded British journal, *Archives of Natural History* that dealt with such subjects. I soon had a response: the *Archives of Natural History* would like to accept the article pending a bit of editorial work. Dr. (Sir) Charles Strong, Honorary Editor, worked closely with me in revising the manuscript for publication. In 2006, the article, titled *Sahagun's Florentine Codex* appeared in an issue of the *Archives of Natural History*. Although the article large focused on birds, it also gives samples of other living forms.

Unfortunately the learned journal is known by few North American ornithologists, so its publication did not fulfill its total mission. Friend and colleague Clait Braun was then serving as editor of *The Wilson Journal*, probably the second most prestigious scientific avian journal in North America following *The Auk*. Clait suggested that I write a brief informational article for the *Wilson Journal* telling its readers of the *Codex's* importance. Success with the *Florentine Codex* later prompted me to write of another important, little known work, the *Codex Canadensis*, by another missionary-priest who labored in Canada.

The Codex Canadensis

While working on the Moose book chapter, Dick McCabe and I heard of an ancient manuscript that contained many natural history drawings. We ended up showing one of the illustrations in the Moose book.

Soon after, in order to view the moose illustration, Merilyn and I flew to Oklahoma and visited the Thomas Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa. The Gilcrease is a repository of western American art and various art works and also has many mysterious manuscripts in its possession. Several biographies have been written of the remarkable Gilcrease, who rose from a poor family of children, partly of Indian heritage, to founder of the oil company bearing his name, to great riches.

At Gilcrease, Curator Sarah Erwin retrieved the original of the *Codex Canadensis*, lacking a title page, supposedly drafted and captioned by Jesuit Fr. Louis Nicolas in about 1679. Nicolas conducted his missionary work over the upper St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, going as far west as present-day Chicago. Nicolas harbored a keen interest in the Native Americans and their culture, plus the zoological and botanical subjects of the New World. In fact, Nicolas's superiors at St. Ignace (mission) and Quebec believed that he was spending most of his efforts on natural history rather than saving souls. Consequently, he was stripped of religious entitlements and responsibilities and returned to Paris, his birthplace. At about that time, he was completing his great but little-known codex.

But, back to the original Codex at Tulsa: the assemblage of 180 illustrations depicting natural history subjects was bound in fine red vellum decorated in gold and with a monarch stamp. Authorities seem confident that the volume was from King Louis XIV's personal library and that it had been purchased by Gilcrease in 1949 in London.

Because the *Codex Canadensis* was very little known even in Canada, perhaps it too could be published in the *Archives of Natural History*? In the meantime, two Canadians had developed a keen interest in the *Codex* and were added as co-authors. One was art historian Francois-Marc Gagnon of Concordia University in Montreal. From old French literature, he and associates found much new information about the *Codex*, including the belief that at one time the illustrations must have been accompanied by a descriptive text. C. Stuart Houston understood that *The Codex Canadensis* was important for Canadian history.

Sir Charles, editor of the British journal, was receptive and in due time the manuscript was published as *The Codex Canadensis, an Early Illustrative Manuscript of Canadian Natural History* in the *Archives of Natural History* by Reeves, Gagnon and Houston 2004, Vol. 31(1): 150-166. But a major concern arose. Few North American academicians read or even knew of the *Archives of Natural History* let alone the *Codex*. To call attention to this manuscript, a brief article was written in *The Wilson Journal*.

Nonetheless, publication of the *Archives* article prompted a few Canadians to renew their interest by re-examining old literature, files, and unpublished dissertations, most of which were in the early and current France language. In our *Wilson Journal* paper, we called attention to a little known manuscript titled "*Histoire Naturelle des Indes Occidentalis*". This prompted renewed interest in finding the mysterious text. A team composed of Francois-Marc Gagnon of Concordia University of Montreal, Nancy Senior, head of the Department of Linguistics at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, and Real Ouellet, of Laval University, Quebec began the search.

Behind the scenes, C. Stuart Houston was immensely helpful in assisting the team. His biological contributions as well as suggestions, encouragement, and guidance were enormously valuable. During its joint effort, the team relied upon the assistance of countless others, largely Canadians. Except for encouragement and a contribution to McGill University Press, my help was small. Properly, this was a Canadian endeavor because it would become a work of national importance.

Work on the huge project made progress. It culminated in the autumn of 2011 when *The Codex Canadensis* was published by the prestigious McGill Queen's University Press, Montreal. The huge oversized book contains both Nicolas's figures and text that are united after being separated and "lost" for about 335 years. The text appears in both French (after translation from the old to current form) and English, accompanied by facsimiles of the illustrations in the original sepia and some color.

A number of book-signing engagements were held in Montreal, Saskatoon, and the Gilcrease Museum. Reviews and news articles were complimentary. In 2012, the authors were awarded the prestigious Governor General's History Award for non-fiction scholarly research. The first place prize for the Sir John A. Macdonald award has been compared with the Academy Awards in Hollywood. Judges called the Codex "stunningly beautiful," and "As a work of interdisciplinary research, it is simply outstanding." My contribution is noted in the Acknowledgements of the Codex.

C. Stuart Houston and his wife Mary

During my lifetime, I have been privileged to meet many outstanding individuals, and Dr. C. Stuart Houston and his talented wife, Mary, are the most talented and productive ornithologists that I have ever met. Stuart came from a medical family. His father was a doctor and Stuart is an internationally recognized radiologist, and has written five medical history books and over 274 medical publications. He is a Professor Emeritus of Medical Imaging and Radiology at the University of Saskatchewan. He was awarded the Saskatchewan Order of Merit and the Order of Canada for his medical achievements.

But, I know Stuart and his wife Mary as outstanding ornithologists who have banded an astonishing 130,000 birds of more than 200 different species. I first learned about Stuart in 1954 when I was banding ducks in Saskatchewan. He and his wife, Mary published a small newsletter, (*The Blue Jay*) which is still published. Marilyn and I always enjoyed reading that newsletter because it focused on the Canadian prairies, so similar to those in South Dakota.

In 2004, when Marilyn and I stayed with Stuart and Mary, I asked how they organized his vast amount of reference materials for the historical books and the many papers, book reviews, and articles they have written. Stuart then took me on a tour of all the filing cabinets in his large three story home explaining the contents of each. He even showed me a drawer that he said was the "Milt Reeves file drawer." They could teach me a lot about managing files as mine are not nearly as well organized.

Outside their dining room window was a mist net and lunch would be interrupted if a small bird was captured. Mary would rush out, release it from the net, band it if it did not have a band, and if it had a band she would record it as a repeat. That evening we set up a mist net in a nearby field to try to capture a night migration of owls or hawks (I forgot which). It was a lot of work to set up the mist net, but we didn't capture anything that night.

Stuart and Mary were role models to hundreds of individuals interested in birds. I am honored to have had his help in writing the Codex articles and for his encouragement and support in the Codex Canadensis final publication.

Carving and Painting Duck Decoys

By Marilyn B. Reeves

Milt listed in the outline for his Recollections a section entitled "245 decoys", but he did not finish it. Throughout his life, he found time to carve wooden decoys, mostly ducks, some geese (he was not fond of geese,) a few shorebirds and other waterfowl. His favorite decoys were canvasbacks.

He explained that his interest in duck and decoys "began back in 1942 when, as a young teenager, I proudly shot my first duck, a female green-winged teal. At about the same time I found my first decoy, a black duck by a still unknown carver. Both events occurred on the tidal wild rice marshes of the Maurice River in Southern New Jersey. Ducks, ever since have enthralled me—as a student, duck researcher, manager and retiree."

The decoys he carved were patterned after those carved by many hunters in many parts of the country. They were not meant to be decorative, but he skillfully painted each with true colors. He did not sell them, but gave away dozens to his colleagues when they retired. Decoys were always scattered throughout our house, on chests, in the corner cupboard, on window sills or in the bookcases. Some were old and some he had carved.

After moving to Minnesota in 1967, he discovered that many were as fascinated with duck decoys as he was and he invited about 15 to our home. He collected their names and addresses and mailed them a brief copy with a notice that this was the "Waterfowl Decoy Collectors, Carvers and Artists" group. Although we moved to Maryland in 1968, the group held another meeting and officially created the organization. I well remember Bob Michelson who became the first President. One time in 1967 when Bob was visiting, he looked across the living room at an old Brandt decoy on the floor and said, "I will give you \$100 for that decoy." I was impressed, \$100 was a lot of money, but Milt never intended to sell it. It is still in our house.

As he approached age 80, Milt decided he would carve and paint six sets of all 41 North American species, a set for each of our four children and a set he gave to a very special friend, Neil Bien. He selected decoys from the sixth set to give to friends and colleagues. The Hunting and Fishing Collectible Magazine May-June 2011 issue describes the project with color illustrations. As he explained in that article, attached, his first task was to determine what was considered "North America" for migrating ducks.

In addition to the 245 duck decoys, he also carved and painted a set of 23 North American shore birds, which remain in our home.

Historically waterfowl hunters considered decoys as tools or lures used to draw the birds into shooting range. Native American Indians and ancient hunters made decoys. Today, old decoys are considered folk art, but some are highly prized for the beautiful shape and authentic colors.

Wood Duck



Ruddy Duck



Red-Breasted Merganser



Redhead



Canvasback



Green Wing Teal



Mallard



Pintail



Furniture

By Marilyn B. Reeves

Milt was a skilled wood worker and began making furniture before he retired. Using patterns, and with few electric tools in his very small Maryland workshop, he made his first 7 pieces of walnut, a long buffet and six chests. He later admitted that they were far more complicated than he expected. At first he liked to work with walnut and cherry. After we moved to Oregon, he acquired many board feet of American Chestnut from trees that were brought out to Oregon in the 1800s and had escaped the blight that killed all the chestnut in the eastern U.S. Chestnut wood is very beautiful. It has a satin light color, and although the grain is somewhat similar to oak, it is more delicate and not as coarse. He never made any furniture out of oak although he used oak in kitchen and bathroom cupboards. He also used a variety of other native and exotic woods.

The walkout basement of our new Amity home became his workshop and he acquired many tools. He made about 10 Chestnut wood chests of drawers for family and dozens of sets of stacking tables, desks, and other tables which he sold in galleries. His furniture was practical, but stylish and artistic.

Brazilian Cherry Armoire



American Chestnut Chest of Drawers



Slant Top Desk, Myrtle Wood



Set of Three Nested Stacking Tables



Letters to the Editor

By Marilyn B. Reeves

Henry M. Reeves was a keen observer of political activities and land use issues in Yamhill County, and the State of Oregon. Using his extensive skills as a writer, he contributed so many letters to the Editor that upon his death, the owner of the *McMinnville News Register*, Jeb Bladine acknowledged his efforts in an article published in February 22, 2013.

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OBITUARY

Milt was born on March 31, 1927, in Woodbury, New Jersey. Early years were spent afield, often hunting, in the “wilderness” of southern New Jersey, particularly the Maurice River tidelands. After discharge from the U.S. Navy in 1946, he entered Utah State Agricultural College (now Utah State University) in Logan, obtaining a BS degree in wildlife management. In 1950, he worked for the Idaho Department of Fish and Game as a conservation officer and research biologist. In 1952, he returned to Logan, using his studies on waterfowl and muskrats on Dingle Marsh, Idaho, as his MS degree thesis. This ecological study eventually led to the establishment of the Bear Lake National Wildlife Refuge. In July 1953, Milt entered duty with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in the Lower Rio Grande Valley of south Texas where enforcement-management duties focused on white-winged doves and waterfowl of the Laguna Madre. Three summers were spent in Canada on waterfowl air-ground studies and banding. In 1957, he transferred to Aberdeen, South Dakota, as a biologist to head up the Service’s fledgling Wetlands Habitat Protection program. Seven years were spent there assessing and acquiring prairie pothole habitat.

In 1965, he transferred to the Minneapolis Regional Office, serving as assistant regional chief (technical) of the Branch of Management and Enforcement for migratory game bird programs. In 1967, he transferred to Laurel, Maryland, to organize the newly funded Accelerated Research Program for “webless” migratory game birds and related activities. Transferring to Washington, D.C., in 1976, he served as chief of the Branch of Operations, Office of Migratory Birds. In this capacity he drafted the annual federal hunting regulations for the Federal Register and related documents, and supervised the Service’s role in flyway migratory game bird management. Overseas assignments took him to Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, and the Caribbean. In 1976, he and two colleagues developed the first procedures to implement the use of satellite imagery to monitor presence of snow cover on Arctic goose breeding grounds. During 1983 to 1984, he served as assistant editor for the *Journal of Wildlife Management* for migratory game bird papers. During his career he authored, edited, or contributed to 50 or so papers and books on migratory game birds or their habitats. Among the latter were *A Contribution to An Annotated Bibliography of North American Cranes, Rails, Woodcock, Snipe, Doves, and Pigeons* (1975), *Flyways* (1984), and *Ecology and Management of the Mourning Dove* (1993).

Retirement interests have focused on the “cultural-historical aspects” of various North American species and for introductory chapters in books on the wood duck, moose, and pronghorn. For several years he has been preparing a book on the historical and cultural relationships between man and North American migratory game birds.

Milt was elected to the Washington Biologists’ Field Club in 1980, and maintains non-resident membership status in the Club, while in retirement in Amity, Oregon.

The above biography is from the Washington Biologists’ Field Club, which is obtained from:

Perry, M. C., C. S. Bond, and E. J. R. Lohnes. 2007. Washington Biologists’ Field Club, USGS Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, Laurel, MD. <http://www.pwrc.usgs.gov/resshow/perry/bios/WBFCHome.htm>

Henry Milton Reeves (Milt) died on February 1, 2013. He is survived by his wife, Marilyn B. Reeves; his two sisters Virginia Hinson in Mauricetown, NJ, and Mollie Fleck in New Castle, DE; two sons, Scott Clinton and Barry Daniel and their wives, Sandy and Molly; two daughters, Julie Elaine Burke and Linda Diane McRory, her husband Ian, and six grandchildren: John Reeves, Helen Reeves, Coral Burke, Sarah McRory, Sophie McRory and Grace McRory.

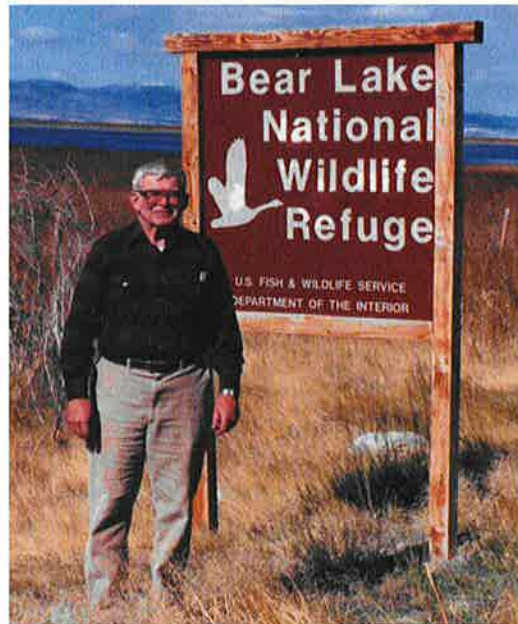
In June 2012, Milt and Merilyn celebrated 60 years of marriage. His ashes were buried on the Bronson Raft River Utah cattle and sheep ranch, on the Bear Lake National Wildlife Refuge and at the Legendary Wetlands Bien Ranch Memorial in South Dakota.

His scientific journals and professional books have been donated to the Quinney Natural Resources Library at Utah State University. His field studies, manuscripts, and other papers are in the Collections and Archives of the Merrill-Cazier Library at Utah State University.

THEN AND NOW



Dingle Marsh Muskrat House 1954



2006

RESUME: Henry M. Reeves

1927: Born in Woodbury, N. J.

1941-1945: Haddonfield Memorial High School, Haddonfield, N.J.

1948-1950: Utah State Agricultural College (now Utah State University), Logan, Utah, B.S.
degree in 1950 (wildlife management).

1953-1954: Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, M.S. degree in 1954 (wildlife management).
Thesis title: Muskrat and waterfowl production and harvest of Dingle Marsh, Idaho. (This
graduate study was the first field study of the marsh and provided the vital biological information
for the later establishment of the Bear Lake National Wildlife Refuge.)

Employment:

1945-1946. U.S. Navy.

1950-1952: Conservation Officer, Idaho Dept. of Fish and Game, American Falls, Idaho.

1952-1954: Wildlife Biologist, Idaho Dept. of Fish and Game, Montpelier, Idaho.

1954-1957: U. S. Game Management Agent, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service (and continuing
throughout rest of career), Harlingen, Texas.

1957-1961: Wildlife Biologist (Management & Research), Aberdeen, S. D.

1961-1963: Wildlife Biologist (General), Division of Wildlife Refuges, Aberdeen, S. D.

1963-1964: Wetlands Program Supervisor (staff of Regional Director, Minneapolis RO),
Aberdeen Area Acquisition Office, Aberdeen, S. D.

1964-1967: Assistant Regional Supervisor (Technical), Division of Management and
Enforcement, Regional Office, Minneapolis, Minn.

1967-1970: Chief, Section of Migratory Upland Game Bird Studies, Migratory Bird Populations
Center, Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, Laurel, Md.

1970-1972: Chief, Section of Migratory Game Bird Studies, Migratory Bird Population Studies,
Migratory Bird Populations Studies, Laurel, Md.

1972-1976: Assistant Chief, Office of Migratory Bird Management, Laurel, Md.

1976-1983: Chief, Branch of Operations, Office of Migratory Bird Management, Washington, D.C.

1983: Retired on 31 March, moved to Amity, Oregon.

Overseas Assignments: Canada (waterfowl surveys and banding), three summers. Other (usually a
month or less): Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, Bahamas. Also Puerto Rico and the U.S. Virgin Islands.

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**Cooperative Republishing Project of very rare or out of print books with Roger Kessinger,
Kessinger Publishing, Whitefish, Montana**

For each of the following 30 books, I provided the hardcopy manuscript for scanning and wrote an Introduction. These are Print on Demand books available on Amazon.

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